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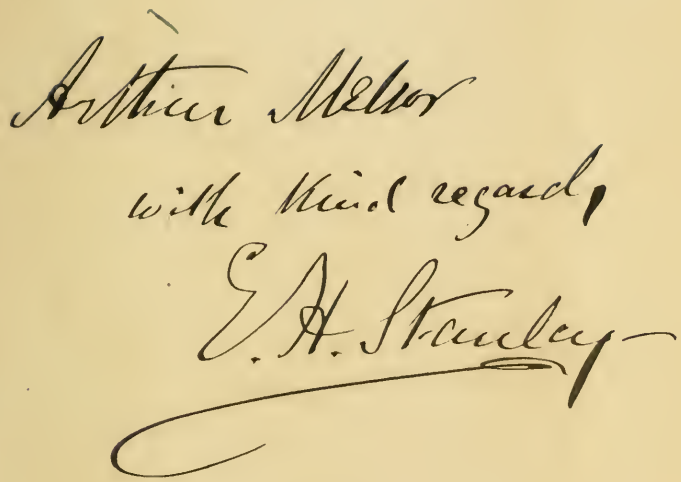
Arthur Mellor
with kind regards
E. A. Stanley

A

METRICAL VERSION

OF THE

ODES OF HORACE,

BY

E. H. STANLEY.

London:
Blades, East & Blades, 23, Abchurch Lane, E.C.
—
1889.

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INTRODUCTION.

HORATIUS FLACCUS *was born at Venusium*, B.C. 65, *dying* B.C. 8, *aged 57, about 3 weeks after his friend and patron* MÆCENAS.

NUMEROUS as are the translations of Horace, probably not one is entirely satisfactory: the terseness of his language, compared with the copiousness of modern tongues, renders a literal translation almost impossible. Even the late Lord Lytton, poet and classic as he was, although he has given to the world undoubtedly the best version of the Odes, leaves a something wanting,—if one compares closely the translation with the original. Yet no one reading his work can fail to see therein the true spirit of the great Roman.

The excellent work of Professor Conington owes its value more to its literal than to its poetic excellence:

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in reading him one meets always the Scholar, never the Poet. Sir Stephen E. de Vere has succeeded so admirably in the few Odes which he has translated that one regrets he could not be persuaded to grapple with the whole; and all men know and appreciate the free and facile version of Sir Theodore Martin, who appears to the present writer to have understood and expressed the "Archytas" better than either of the preceding.

Horace, never very deep, is, and possibly partly therefore will always remain, the most alluring of the Classics—look at his Odes, nothing can be more popular, although the majority of these would rather rank him Song Writer than Poet—as has been well said, he was the first of the "Vers de Société" school—and how could it well be otherwise with a man who at any time would rather have supped with Lucullus than have walked with Plato?

More poetic than Anacreon he is far more chaste, and whilst we constantly meet with passages as beautiful as any in Catullus we are never startled by expressions so erotic as to be displeasing to the ear.

So much has been written about the difficulty of rendering Horace into any English version which could adequately convey the Poet's meaning, that the point

may be at once conceded—the terseness of many of his lines where the meaning is rather hinted at than expressed, although doubtless fully appreciated by a Roman audience, is by no means so readily grasped to-day; and yet there is no doubt that ninety-nine men of culture out of every hundred would rather read Horace than any other Classic. In fact the whole educated world seems to have constituted itself Executor of the wish of the dying Mæcenas—

"Horatii Flacci, ut mei, memor esto."

The Poet was by no means above the weaknesses and superstitions of his time. A thunderbolt falling on a cloudless summer day at once reminds him how much he has neglected to pay due reverence to the Deities of Rome; and yet knowing the character of the man, one cannot but wonder, whether to Lydia, Phillis, or Barinē he immediately rushed off to read it; and again could anything better sum up his character than the well known lines of Persius—

"Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
Callidus excesso populum suspendere naso."

Anglice.

Our Poet Flaccus in his laughing way,
Takes note of every vice each friend has borne,
Admitted once, around all hearts will play,
Whilst making each a public jest or scorn!

In the following very free translations of the Odes no attempt has been made to do other than give to the general, and possibly non-classical reader, a fair idea of the scope and meaning of each one. As regards the work itself the most that can be said in its favour may be summed up in the lines of "Martial"—

> "Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura
> Quæ legis."

EDMUND HILL STANLEY.

Leicester House,
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Note to the "Archytas."—The construction of this Ode seems to have puzzled the best translators. Lord Lytton assumes it to be wholly uttered by the Ghost of some shipwrecked Sailor. Sir Stephen E. de Vere with, I think, more probability assigns it to Two distinct characters, the Philosopher Archytas and some passing Sailor —clearly a living man, else how do we reconcile the concluding denunciations of the Ode? Sir Theodore Martin has at once adopted the theory that it must be a dialogue between a living Sailor and the Spirit of the shipwrecked and unburied Philosopher Archytas. This is the theory which I have followed, as it seems at once consonant with the spirit of the Ode and the intention of the Poet.

E. H. S.

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ERRATA.

Page 31, line 20—for "*Pa*gasus" read "Pegasus."

,, ,, 22—the name of the speaker, "A Sailor" should be added to the beginning of "Archytas"; and on

,, 32, ,, 5—add "Archytas" who replies.

,, 77, ,, 10—for "Cast*l*ian" read "Castalian."

The Odes of Horace.

"TO MÆCENAS."

"*Mæcenas, atavis edite regibus.*"

THOU great descendant of a royal line,
Mæcenas, Lord and honoured friend of mine;
There be, whose souls Olympic honours crave,
Welcome the course and all its dangers brave;
Who if the Victor's palm should prove their own,
Not with the Gods would share their triumph's throne
Some whom Rome's fickle mob three times proclaim,
Hug the delight and fondly deem it Fame!
Whilst some in garnered wealth from floor to floor
Place all their hopes, still hankering after more:
Yet the world's treasures could not tempt to roam
The rustic rude, from his ancestral home,

And th'accustomed hoe, to cross the seas—
Fearful of tempests in each Cyprian breeze.—
So, too, the Merchant in pursuit of gain
Wrestling with blasts upon the stormy main,
Sighs for the ease his modest homestead gave
And the Land's safety from the surging wave
Yet tempted by his greed will still return ;
Contentment is the lore he cannot learn !

No joys for some like those delicious hours
When with limbs stretched by cool Arbutus flowers,
Near streams long hallowed by the Nymph divine
He pours libations deep of Massic wine.

The Trumpet shrill, the clarion call to strife,
Hateful to Mothers—gives the Warrior life ;
In camps his joy—so in the wintry air
Watching the Marsyian Boar from out its lair,
Or if his Beagles, faithful, staunch and true
Have tracked the Stag just bursting into view,
The Hunter stands—fast rooted to the spot
His soul absorbed—his very Bride forgot.
But me ! the Ivy crown for me is Fame,
Joined with the Gods shall be my humble name,
If in cool woods where Nymphs with Satyrs play,
With dances light—far from the World away,
And Polyhymnia grant the much prized boon
My Harp once heard in Lesbos to retune.
Or sweet Euterpē breathe upon that flute
Whose music then shall never more be mute,
And Thou 'midst Lyric Bards shouldst bid me rise,
My Soul exultant proud shall strike the skies.

CÆSAR.

"*Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ.*"

More than enough of Hail and Snow,
With red right hand the Father hurled
Upon the startled Earth below,
And this first City of the World!

Affrighting Nations, lest again
The days of Pyrrha be restored,
When Proteus, Monarch of the Main,
The finny tribe of Ocean poured,

Over the Mountain tops, whose Trees
Meshed fishes 'mid the nests of Doves,
Whilst panic stricken swam the Deer
In Ocean o'er the submerged groves.

We too have seen fierce Tiber's wave,
March menacing, towards the shrine
Of Vesta's temple, and outbrave
The monuments of Kings divine.

With threats of ruin, boasting loud,
Himself th' Avenger of the wrong
To Ilion done, then, threat'ning Jove,
Burst all its yielding banks along.

Our youths for parents' sins, now few,
Shall yet from us of Battles learn,
How fratricides the sharp steel drew,
'Twere nobler on the Mede to turn!

Say on what God shall Romans call,
To save from ruin hovering near?
What Vesta shall our maids implore
With prayers which but fatigue the ear?

To whom shall Jove the task assign
Of expiating guilt; ah! see,
Through the dusk cloud his presence shine;
Augur Apollo; Thou art He!

Or shall it be our laughing Queen,
Fair Eryx, she whose love once more
With Mirth and Cupids fitly seen;
Shall she the lost race yet restore?

Alas! too satiate she with play
Of idle sports; if crash of steel,
Th' unhorsed Moor—the gory foe,
If joy in these, thou yet can'st feel,

To aid thine offspring then appear,
Transferred to Earth, fair Maia's son,
Consenting to be called when here,
Cæsar's avenger, quickly come!

Return not yet to Heaven, but stay
Here 'midst Rome's people, Thou so dear,
Let not Rome's sins Rome's cause betray,
Nor Thou in Whirlwind disappear.

Here let grand triumphs swell thy fame,
Nor the proud Mede unpunished ride;
In Prince and Fathers much loved name,
We hail thee Cæsar, Leader, Guide!

THE VOYAGE OF VIRGIL.

"*Sic te Diva potens Cypri.*"

May that fair Goddess who o'er Cyprus rules
And thy twin brothers, Helen, as they shine
Starlike, and He the Father over all,
Who holds the winds and guides with will divine.

Speed Thee, oh Ship! with breezes of the West,
So that thou bring'st back to us once more
Virgil the loved—the one half of my soul,
Safe from the dangers of the Attic shore.

Or oak, or threefold brass around his soul,
Was surely thrown, who tempted first the seas,
On some frail bark—and saw the waters roll,
And fearless met the furious Afric breeze.

Dreading no wit the mad rage of the north,
Nor the sad Hyads weeping from the skies,
Nor restless Hadria wandering ever forth,
Bidding the storm at will to sink or rise—

By what approach could Death have hoped to quell,
Him who with eyes unflinching dared behold
Sea monsters rise, and oceans restless swell,
Surging to crush the "Thunder Crags" of old.

In vain did Jove the distant lands divide
By oceans vast—if impious mortals dare
O'er those fixed boundaries with rafts to ride;
On waves no foot of man was meant to share.

All that's forbidden mortal men will dare,
Rushing to ruin: witness he who first
To Earth brought down effulgent fires rare,
Prometheus, Titan's son, of Jove accurst!

Such Fire once stolen from th' ethereal dome,
Famine and Fever, and the attendant band,
Rushed o'er the Earth, and ever hurrying on
Death passed exultant swiftly o'er the land.

Then Dædalus, on rapid wing upborne,
Towards th' accustomed Heavens took his way;
Yet spite Herculean labours struggling on,
In Acherontine darkness ruined lay.

To Man's presumption naught appears too high,*
He'd scale the very Heavens in his pride;
With Vice outwearying Jove who rules the sky,
And angered may not lay his bolts aside.

NOTE.—Genesis xi, v. 6–9.—"And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city. Therefore is the name of it called Babel."

"LICINIUS SEXTUS."

"*Solvitur acris hiems gratâ vice veris et Favoni.*"

Fierce Winter melts beneath Spring's glad return,
The idle keels are launched on Ocean's roar,
The Flocks and Ploughman homely shelter spurn,
Nor glint the Fields with Winter's white frost hoar!
Lit by the silent Moon, see Venus fair
Lead forth the dance, where frolic Nymphs abound,
And beauteous Graces—whilst the Cyclops share
The call to toil, and Forges loud resound.
Now jocund Youths with Myrtle green are crowned,
And flowery wreaths; young Lambkins gaily rove,
And sportive Kids are to the Altar bound,
To Faunus offered 'mid the dusky grove.—
Yet still with step unfalt'ring, equal, slow,
Death stalks advancing towards his destined end:
Strikes down alike with unrelenting blow:
To Wealth a terror—to the Poor, a friend!
Oh, happy Sextus hopes prolonged are vain—
The mystic Ghosts with Night press on us all,
In Pluto's realm no festive laws remain,
And the dies' cast must all unheeded fall;
There no young Lycidas shall be admired,
By Youths whose souls with dubious ardours glow;
No more by him young Virgins be inspired—
Nor hopes, nor passions reign in realms below!

PYRRHA.

"*Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ.*"

WHAT favoured Youth dost thou fair Pyrrha own?
Who courts thy smile midst odorous roses fair,
In Grotto privileged to thee alone;
For whom in wreaths dost bind thy golden hair?

Gracefully simple—ah, on changed faith,
How long shall he to Sea and Gods complain!
With shuddering awe look back on that rude storm
Which wrecked his hopes on a too treacherous main.

Who trusts thee now? holds thee than gold more pure,
Thee! fickle, changeful, weak in loving—vain;
Heedless of flattering gales and winds which lure,
To dash his tossed bark on the strand again.

Unhappy they, to whom thou seemest fair,
As yet unknown—so art thou *not* to me;
My dank and dripping weeds hung up declare,
That peril 'scaped from Neptune and from thee.

M. VIPSANIUS AGRIPPA.

"*Scriberis Vario fortis et hostium.*"

WHO shall sing of the deeds thy bold Soldiers accomplished
By Land or by Sea—and thy own Victor's crown;
Who but Varius, great Varius, on pinions Homeric,
His song only, Agrippa, befits thy renown!

Themes so lofty we shrink from—unyielding Pelides,
Nor Pelops the cruel, nor Heroes like these
Nor the deeds of that double tongued pleader Ulysses,
That Wanderer long tossed on less treacherous Seas.

Forbidden by Her who o'er lute-strings unwarlike
Presides, and perhaps by my own sense of shame,
I attempt not to glorify aught by my praises,
Belonging to thine or to Cæsar's great name.

Who of Merion begrimed with the dust cloud of Ilion,
Or of Mars, to whom adamant vestments belong,
Can sing, or Tydides when favoured by Pallas,
A match for the Gods he stood forth from the throng!

But of Feasts and of Wars waged on Youth rashly daring,
By Maidens too loving be it ours to sing;
Of Maids whose soft hearts make all weapons fall bluntless,
And whose Love though it scorch leaves no scar with its sting.

PLANCUS.

"*Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen.*"

Thousands have sung the praises of proud and brilliant Rhodes,
Of Thebes and Delphi, cities, where the Gods have their abodes;
Great Bacchus and Apollo, and ah! far more than these
Thy name enchanting Corinth, Queen of the double Seas.

Thessalian Tempē Ephesus and Mytilenē fair,
And some thy City Pallas, hold high beyond compare,
In lengthened verse its praises sing—that thou at least bestow
One poor stray leaf of olive, to deck their barren brow.

Still more in Juno's honour, and the city where she reigns
And steed subduing Argos and Mycēnes fertile plains;
But than barren Lacedœman or Larissa's flowery grounds,
To me more dear Albunea's grot where fairy music sounds,

And the dread Anio rushes towards Tiber's orchards fair,
Washing the luscious harvest, so freely scattered there:
As the South wind swiftly sweeping across a darkened sky,
With lightly passing showers, sees the dark shadows fly,

So Plancus chase thou wisely Life's heaviest cares away,
And in a glorious Wine Cup, drown all thy griefs this day;
No matter whether banners flaunting over camps may call,
Or 'neath fair Tiber's tranquil shades, thy happier lot may fall.

When Teucer both from Sire and Salamis renowned,
To exile passed, with haughty look and brow with poplar crowned,
And sprinkling the Lyæan juice, to those few friends who still
Clave to his shrunken fortunes, spoke out his freeborn will.

Thus spake He—Friends and Comrades, where Fortune kinder far
Than Parent, points our future, beneath her guiding star,
Naught fearing, follow Teucer, 'tis Teucer self will lead,
And the promise of Apollo shall aid us in our need.

Ye Brave, who dangers greater far have shared with me before
Another Salamis we'll raise, upon some other shore;
So let the wine cup drive all care from every Hero's soul,
To-morrow untried seas we'll dare, where unknown billows roll.

TO LYDIA.

"*Lydia, die, per omnes.*"

By all the Gods Lydia say, I implore,
Must Sybaris' love for thee prove his perdition,
Why hates he the "Campus" so constant of yore,
Despite sun or dust, in his youthful ambition?

Why no more with his compeers on courser of Gaul,
With bit fashioned wolf-fang does Sybaris ride,
Why shrink from the Tiber's fresh waves, loved of all,
As though the dread ague lay hid in its tide?

Why like poison of asp does your Sybaris shun
Th' "Athletic Oil" and cease to display
That muscular arm, which such glory has won,
Hurling Discus or Dart on their terrible way.

Hides he too, as once skulked th' offended Achilles,
Far from Troy's foredoomed walls, and its funeral wail,
Lest discovered, he's driven, a proof what thy skill is,
To be slaughtered by weapons he knows cannot fail.

THALIARCHUS.

"*Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum Soracte.*"

See how with snow o'erwhelmed Soractē stands
The very woods beneath their burdens groan,
The frozen streams fast knit with icy bands,
Are chilled to silence, numbed in every tone!

What ho! Thaliarchus; drive out the cold,
Heap high the fires, hospitably grand!
Bring forth the Wine—the wine of four years old,
From Sabine jar—pour out with liberal hand!

Leave to the Gods the rest—'tis theirs to strike,
The Winds and Waves to silence at their will;
So calm—the Cypress and the Oak alike,
Sink motionless, becalmed, and all is still.

Seek not to know the morrow's coming care,
Whate'er of good it brings count thou as gain,
Proud of thy Youth, Youth's pleasures nobly share
To Love—to Pleasure faithful still remain!

So long as that hoar frost which Age must bring,
Remains aloof the public sports are thine;
The whispered words at twilight by the spring,
The happy hours—the feelings half divine!

Where innocently gay the shrinking maid
Hides how unwilling! by the mother's door
Glad by her merry laugh to be betrayed,
And lose the ring, she knows thou wilt restore.

TO MERCURY.

"Mercuri, facunde nepos Atlantis."

Oh Thou who first formed in Earth's earliest ages
The manners of mortals and taught them to fling
A fresh grace o'er their strength, thou young grandson of Atlas,
Jove's Herald! dear Mercury—thee will I sing!

Sing Thee, the Inventor of Lute tuned so deftly
To charm with its cords—and ah! more still than these
Let me glorify cunning which help'd you to pilfer
And smile as you pilfer'd whatever you please.

Once, when Phœbus enraged for the Kine slyly stolen,
Thought that childlike thy soul could by threats be dismayed,
E'er his Bow was half bent Thou had'st captured his arrows,
And the God laughed outright at a trick so well played.

Then again 'twas thy cunning old Priam directed
By stealth through the camp of the Greek, his old foe—
And eluding the watchers led him undetected
With the treasures of Troy thro' the watch-fire's bright glow,

Last; thy golden staff marshals the spirits departed
To seats of the Blest or to realms of Despair,
Thou director of shadows, whether Hades or Heaven
Thou art sure for thyself that a welcome is there.

TO LEUCONOE.

"*Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas.*"

"SEEK not Leuconoë," by mystic numbers,
What Fate reserves unknown for thee or me,
Nor care to mark the day when Life's last slumbers
Shall coldly passive write "we've ceased to be."

With manly patience whatsoe'er Jove sends us,
Let us unflinching to the last endure;
What tho' this Winter be for us the latest
That bursts in fury on the Tuscan shore—

Let us be wise—and drain—for time is fleeting,
The Wine; Life's sands steal far too fast away,
E'en as we speak the envious moments vanish,
Trust not the Morrow! wisely seize To-day!

IN PRAISE OF GODS & MEN.

"*Quem virum, aut heroa, lyrâ vel acri.*"

SAY Clio, whose shall be the honour'd name
Of God or Hero which thy lyre shall give
Forth to the world, a heritage of Fame—
Say whom shall sprightly Echo help to live?

Whether in Helicon's umbrageous grove,
Or Pindus' height or Hœmus' biting stream,
Or where uprooted woods at random rove
Entranced by Orphœus and his power supreme.

He who by art maternal rivers stayed,
In their rash course, and hushed the winds at will
Whose magic power the listening oaks obeyed,
Perceived the God and owned his mighty skill!

But who for foremost honours shall I sing,
The King of Gods and Men, Imperial Jove,
From whom the varying hours and seasons spring
For whom Earth, Ocean, Heaven itself doth move;

Than whom no greater than himself can be,
No second self, or equal can be known;
Yet next and nearest—Wisdom's Goddess see;
To Pallas be the second honours shewn—

Thou bold in battle Liber, and the foe
Of the Brute world—thou too Diana fair
With the dread Lord of the unerring bow,—
Phœbus Apollo find due places there—

And Alcides, and Twins which Lœda bore,
Foremost of Horsemen one, and one the King
Of Athletes—at the rising of whose star
Rejoice the Sailors—these too let me sing.

Then from the Rocks th' encroaching waters fall,
Hushed are the winds and every storm cloud flies,
The threatening waves are stilled, and over all
A calm of silence as of slumber lies!

In honour next shall Romulus abide,
Or days when mild Pompilius gave the laws—
Or laud we Tarquin's fasces and his pride,
Or Cato's noblest death—in doubt I pause.

The Scauri, Regulus, Æmilius who
Careless of life, when Carthage won the day,
And Thou Fabricius whom the Romans knew,
Shall gratitude for these call forth the lay—

These and like these, the earlier Heroes rude,
Curius unkempt, Camillus trained for war
In the stern homestead—'mid its solitude
Of hardy thrift—all luxury afar—

As silently as upwards grows the Tree
The fame of young Marcellus swells and grows,
Midst lesser lights, resplendent all can see
How Julian's constellation brighter glows.

Father and Guardian of the Human race,
Saturnian Jove to Thee the fates assign
A special charge of Cæsar—in thy place
Reign Thou supreme—be Cæsar's next to thine.

Whether he triumph o'er the Parthian horde
Or Orient people or the Seric band—
Whether the Men of Ind like these afford
Another spoil to grace our Roman Land.

Thy Viceroy, He, shall justly rule below,
Whilst all Olympus shakes beneath thy frown,
A sacred Grove profaned full well we know,
Would call in fury all thine anger down.

LYDIA.

"*Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi cervicem roseam.*"

When Telephus' rosy cheeks
And well turned arms dear Lydia praises,
She little thinks each word she speaks
In my crushed heart such anguish raises.

How from my cheek all colour flies,
The courage from my spirit hasting;
What furtive tears bedew mine eyes,
Whilst Love's slow fire my life is wasting!

I rage, if o'er his boisterous wine,
On thy white arm he prints his kisses,
Or his boy-lips impress on thine
A scar to mark how deep his bliss is!

Ah! if to me thou wouldst give heed,
Thou couldst not think such love abideth—
Barbaric he who wounds indeed
Where Venus half her nectar hideth!

Thrice happy they and only they
Whom true love's tie has bound together,
Whose sole first parting, is the day
When Life's last sigh is breathed for ever.

THE SHIP.

" O navis, referent in mare te novi fluctus ?"

Oh Ship will the swirl of the Ocean receding,
Bear thee on its bosom in safety to ride—
What dost Thou? Haste, haste, to the shelter thou'rt needing,
All thy rowers forsake thee, How naked each side !

Lo ! the South Wind has shattered thy Mast in its fury,
Thy mainyards groan loudly, and scarce without aid
Of the strong binding Cable thy Keel struggles onwards,
See the force of the storm has thy voyage delayed.

Not a sail is left whole, e'en the Gods thou implorest,
With entreaties and prayers, to thy prayers give no heed—
What though of the Forest th' illustrious daughter
The famed Pontic pine, she too fails at thy need.

To a fine painted Stern prudent Sailors trust nothing,
Naught avails thee thy race—naught avails thee thy name—
Beware, oh beware, lest the mocking Winds rudely
Laugh thy fortunes to scorn and o'erwhelm thee with shame !

Thou so lately the cause of my cares and misfortunes,
Still source of regretful affection and sighs—
Look forth and take note of the Cyclades shining
Ahead, and steer clear of the waves as they rise.

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

"*Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus.*"

When in the ship Idœan the traitor Shepherd bore
The fair and faithless Helen from the hospitable shore,
And the winds were hushed to silence; then old Nērēus rose,
To prophesy the coming Fate, and sing the coming woes.

Oh woe to thee the bitter day when to thy dwelling came
She whom the Greek in arms shall seek mid slaughterings and flame,
Sworn not alone thy Nuptials accursed to destroy,
But the very name and ancient fame of Priam's City, Troy.

Alas what myriad horses, what myriad men lay slain,
What funeral hosts shed darkness o'er the Dardanean plain,
Whilst Pallas stern, vindictive, strides, to crush thy soul with fear
As filled with wrath she hastens forth with shield and helm and spear!

Vain, vain the power of Venus and all thy graces vain,
Not in the arms of thy false love hope safety to attain,
Hope not that songs unwarlike shall charm false Beauty's ear,
Nor that locks tho' sleek and wavy can shield the heart from fear!

The Cretan spear thou canst not shun nor the dread Battle's roar,
Nor the swift stride of Ajax when he sees the foe before,
Nor shalt thou shun, unhappy one, the surely coming time
When dust shall dim thy lovelocks trim and dull their golden prime!

Lo, Ulysses, fell destroyer of thy race, and Nestor old,
And Sthenelus in battle skilled, and Teucer ever bold,
Than Sthenelus no warrior could better guide the Car
Nor drive at need the impetuous steed thro' all the ranks of war.

See Merion too approaches, and ah! more dread than he
The fierce Tydides raging thro' the battle shalt thou see;
Than his sire far more terrible Tydides to his foes—
In battle ever foremost and where fall the fiercest blows.

As in the valley feeding the startled hart descries
The hungry wolf's gaunt visage and the fierce flashing eyes,
And flies from field and pasture, so unnerved too art Thou,
Forgetful of thy pledge to Her—forgetful of thy vow!

Though the wrath of great Achilles may retard the fatal day
And Troy and Trojan Mothers shall bless the brief delay,
Yet Ilion's domes predestined to ruin and to shame,
Shall fall beneath the Grecian arms and sink mid Grecian flame!

AD MISERICORDIAM.

"*O matre pulchra filia pulchrior.*"

Oh of Mother so fair, Thou the still fairer daughter,
Treat my verses with scorn and o'erwhelm them with shame,
Toss them down the wild current of Hadria's fierce water
To sink, or consign them to ashes and flame.

Nought so crazes the mind as the outbursts of anger,
Not the Phythian Apollo convulsing the soul
Of his trembling adorers—nor the horrible clangour
Of Corybants maddened and spurning control.

Not the Norican weapon, nor storm troubled ocean,
Nor fire unquenchable eating its way,
Nor even the voice of great Jove as he thunders
Can hold the mad passions of anger in sway.

When the first man was fashioned by wily Prometheus;
Determined to hold us poor mortals in thrall,
He stole from the Brutes of Creation our vices
And the savagest lion provided Man's gall.

What but Anger brought ruin on famous Thyestes,
What but Anger the proudest of Cities laid low,
Crushing down castled walls and uprooting foundations,
Making way for the ploughshare and insolent foe.

Then ah! be appeased—'twas a sin and a madness:
By my fervid Iambics so hurried away,
My Youth in a storm of excitable gladness
And frantic excitement was forced to obey!

But now that I seek to redeem my past error,
And humbly and penitent sue—not in vain
Let me plead—yes forgive—be once more my life's treasure
Restore me thy love and thy favour again.

TYNDARIS.

" *Velox amœnum sæpe Lucretilem.*"

For the Groves of Lycæus swift Faunus exchanges
The plains of Lucretelis, eager to shield
The young Fawn alike from the Sun's scorching anger
Or the winds and the storms as they sweep o'er the field.

Safe through the groves of the flowery Arbutus,
And the half-hidden Thyme at their pleasure they stray.
Happy wives of the strong scented Husband!—they fear not
The virulent Adder nor Wolf in their play.

Here too, sweet Tyndaris, rest we as securely
In green sloping valley with Music and Song,
Whose echoes repeated from rocks bounding lightly,
Thro' Ustica's Mountains go floating along.

Yet so dear to the Gods are my muse and my worship,
That with favour especial they watch over me,
And here will I pour from a full Cornucopia
The rich rural treasures in honour of Thée!

In this lonely Vale sheltered safe from the Dogstar,
Thou shalt sing to the Lute strings of Teos the strain,
That tells of the strife that Penelope faithful
Waged 'gainst cold glassy Circe, and waged not in vain.

Here 'neath these cool shades quaff the innocent Lesbos,
Nor fear that young Bacchus o'erstepping the bounds
Of decent decorum with Mars in his trespass,
Unreason and reason together confounds.

Thou art safe, sweet Tyndaris—no malapert Cyrus
Shall rudely lay hands on a maiden so fair,
Ruthless rending a vest that deserves no such treatment,
And scattering a garland adorning such hair!

VARUS.

"*Nullam, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem.*"

Of all the Trees dear Varus, plant thou first the sacred Vine,
On the soil of sunny Tiber; by Castilē's outstretched line,
For the Gods make all things bitter to the parched soul athirst,
Whilst the bright red wine brings gladness to the heart by Cares accurst!

He who drinks forgets War's hardship, may at poverty deride,
Look on Venus as a vestal, and hail Bacchus as a Guide
E'en though Lapidæ and Centaurs fighting o'er a drunken brawl,
Be a warning not to waste the gifts young Bacchus gives to all.

'Tis a warning how the Toper confuses that sharp line
Which, though small, divides the right from wrong, a sacrifice to wine,
Not so will I, dear Bacchus, drag thy symbols into day,
The ivy covered symbols which consecrate thy sway.

Hush that horn of Berecynthus! bid the noisy Timbrels cease,
Wretched music born of self conceit—go, let us rest in peace!
Thou Vain Glory empty-headed, from out this presence pass,
Weak Prodigal of Secrets all may read as in a glass.

GLYCERA.

"*Mater sæva Cupidinum.*"

Once again am I called back to love,
By Cupid's fair mother; Ah me!
And Semele's son—pride of Thebes,
And Wantonness, Goddess of Glee!

There's a light on my Glycera's brow
Than the marble of Paros more pure,
But it burns—it consumes me I vow;
I gaze and my ruin is sure!

Venus rushes destruction to bring,
Forsaking her Cyprian shrine;
Nor of Parthian nor Scyth, dare I sing
Nor of aught but of Love the divine.

Then quick—build an altar of price,
Pile the sods—pour the Wine,—not in vain;
Let the off'ring we make her suffice
That the Goddess may smile once again!

"TO MÆCENAS."

"*Vile potabis modicis Sabinum.*"

Only poor Sabine Wine simple and homely,
Which my own hand in Grecian cask has hoarded,
Offer I Thee—Wine garnered when the whole world
Hailed Thee Mæcenas!

Knightly Mæcenas, as loud the plaudits echoed
From river bank to Vatican's high mountain,
So loud and joyous rang thy echoing praises,
Much loved Mæcenas!

Thou at thy will the rich Cœcūban vintage
Or the famed juice of Calēs mayst indulge in;
Neither Falernian nor the Formian princely
Flavour my Wine Cups.

HYMN IN PRAISE OF DIANA AND APOLLO.

"*Dianam teneræ dicite virgines.*"

Sing aloud oh ye Virgins the praise of Diana,
Let Apollo unshorn oh ye Youths be your theme,
And forget not Latona, the suffering Mother,
The delight and the joy of great Jove the Supreme!

Ye Maidens sing her who delights in the rivers,
And Groves, the cold Algidus waving above;
Eurymanthus the gloomy and Cragus the fertile,
Give your praises to her whom you honour and love.

Let the Youths raise their voices in honour of Tempē
And Delos where graceful Apollo was born—
He with shoulder supporting the fraternal Lyre,
And whose shoulder the Lyre and Quiver adorn!

Then War, Pestilence, Famine, shall he in his mercy,
Moved by prayers such as yours turn away from the Throne
Of Cæsar our Prince and his people; to pour them
In anger on Britain and Persia alone!

ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

"*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus.*"

The pure of life, the free from crime,
Needs not the Moorish bow and spear,
Nor quiver filled with poisoned shaft,
My Fuscus! such man knows not fear!

Whether his road of life be passed
In sultry Syrtes, or he stray
Through roads Caucassian roughly vast,
Or weird Hydaspes mark his way.

As straying once through Sabine's wild
And unaccustomed Wood, there came—
I singing Lalage—sweet child!
A raging wolf with eyes of flame.

Me all unarmed, the monster fled—
A monster half so dread and grim,
The Daunian acorned woods ne'er bred,
E'en Juba's Lion shrank from him!

But me! ah place me where no bloom
Of Flowers shall shed its odours round,
Where by dread Jupiter's stern doom
No ray of sunlight e'er is found.

Or deep beneath Sol's burning throne,
Where never sheltering roof shall be,
One thought would fill my heart alone,
The smile, the voice of Lalage!

TO CHLOE.

"*Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe.*"

Why timid and trembling dear Chloe,
Like a Fawn who unconsciously strays
On the mountain and losing its Mother
Is scared by each zephyr which plays?

If the green Lizard stir but a bramble
Or the light sigh of Spring strikes her ear,
Her soft heart is all in a tremble
Her limbs sink beneath her with fear.

As for me, I am no raging Tiger,
No Lion abroad for his prey;
Then fear not to stray from a mother,
But cling to a Lover to-day.

QUINCTILIUS VARUS.

"*Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus.*"

For one so loved, for one so justly dear,
Sorrow is blameless; Lead the mournful strain
Melpomenē in praise of Him to whom
Nor voice nor Lyre, the Father gave in vain.

Quinctilius sleeps in death's perpetual calm;
Ah! when again unto the world revealed
Shall be his equal—Justice, Honour, all
Of Faith and Truth, in his one being sealed!

By good men wept, by none more mourned than Thee;
But vain thy tears My Virgil to recall
Him from the Gods, who only lent him—See
Low lies Quinctilius; lost to Thee—to all!

Ah! were thy muse more potent than the strain
Of Thracian Orpheus, charming forests hoar,
Thou could not make those pulses beat again
Nor life to that chill pallid form restore!

The doors once closed by Fate, no human prayer
Bribes the stern Guardian who shuts out the day;
'Tis hard! Yet Patience steels the heart to bear
Griefs which our love forbids to pass away.

LYDIA.

"*Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras.*"

'Tis past; the eager youths press on no more
To share thy favours rattling at each pane,
Thy slumbers undisturbed, thy oft-sought door,
Once closed—is closed; and silent will remain,

That door which 'erst so facilely revolved
On its free hinges; ah! how rarely now
Hearest Thou young voices murmuring soft and low,
'Tis I, thy lover; Lydia sleepest thou?

Thou weepest in thy poor deserted street;
Jealous to hear beneath the Moon's cold ray
The song of shameless gallants, and the feet
Of their gay lemans on their homeward way!

With thee are left the lusts of youthful love,
The scars of passion, the desire to please;
Such poor remains suffice not now to move;
And thou can'st weep, and thou can'st mourn for these.

And sigh that Youth prefers the fruitful sheaves,
Rejoices in the ever budding spray
Of the fresh tree—and dedicates dry leaves
To Hebro's waves—Thyself more cold than they.

L. ŒLIUS LAMIA.

"Musis amicus, tristitiam, et metus."

I, THE friend of the Muses, all sorrow
And fear do consign to the waves,
And the winds of Crete's terrible ocean;
I'm the one man who everything braves;

No matter what King reigns, where silence
Is ruling the Arctic supreme;
No matter what cause Tiridates
Shakes thy soul like some terrible dream.

Oh thou Muse who rejoicest in fountains
Which 'mid Pimpleian hills freshly glow,
Weave for Lamia the gayest of garlands,
And the freshest of flowers bestow.

What without Thee for Him are thy praises!
Join thy sisters to add to his fame,
Tune anew the sweet Lyre of Lesbos
To glorify Lamia's name!

BOON COMPANIONS.

"Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis."

WHAT! brawl over cups which were made to delight in,
And quarrel like Thracians; Barbaric indeed
Are such manners, for shame, give a truce to your fighting
Gentle Bacchus forbid, Boon companions should bleed!

Ah! how little in keeping the Wine Cup and Lustre
With the dirk of the Mede, and the furious will;
Be hushed my dear comrades your clamours and bluster,
Rest again on your elbows in peace and be still!

What must I too imbibe the Falernian which dances;
Well, if so; Megilla's young Brother reveal,
Say, who gave the blow, and whose were the glances
By which Thou wert smitten, with wounds all must feel.

What refuse! nay I drink on no other condition;
Nay, blush not! I warrant Thou dost her no wrong,
Not Venus herself could tempt Thee to perdition,
Thy sins in that line half to virtue belong—

Come whisper to me—all is safe in my keeping;
Ah luckless indeed! how I pity thy fall,
Into such a Charybdis, poor fellow! so worthy
A much purer flame, and a much lighter thrall.

What witch or Thessalian potion can yield thee
A charm from Chimera's embraces of night,
No God can avail from such trammels to shield thee,
Nor the speed of a Pagasus save Thee by flight!

ARCHYTAS.

"*Te maris, et terræ, numeroque carentis arenæ.*"

Thee Archytas—Thou measurer of the sea
And th' innumerable Sands—can such few grains
Of sprinkled dust imprison even Thee—
Matinus hold thus fast thy poor remains?

What now avails, that through aerial space
Thy soul has ranged to grasp the distant pole,
Sweeping its utmost verge—if thus the chase
Ends e'en for thee and Death must be thy goal?

The Sire of Pelops shared the God's repast,
Yet he passed on—and in the distant air,
Tho' lingering long Tithonus found at last
The wished relief from Life and all its care.

Did He who shared Jove's counsels, Minos, yield
As did Penthoüs who a second time
Trod Pluto's realms—as witness that famed shield
Used in the days when Troy was yet sublime!

Called as the proof that once he only gave
To Death the skin and sinews of his Youth;
Yet Him Death holds at last within the grave,
He—thy grand Judge of Nature and of Truth!

Yet the same Night remains alike for all,
And each must tread the beaten path of death—
By sure degrees the dark'ning shadows fall
And fall but once on all of mortal breath!

Some to the field of Mars the Furies urge,
Stern Ocean claims the Sailor for its prey—
And old and young but swell the funeral dirge!
Each head to Proserpine the Tax must pay.

Me also Notus—hasting o'er the waves
To join my comrades—Me Orion cast,
O'erwhelmed with tempests into deepest caves
Where winds Illyrian swell the dreadful blast.

Yet thou, Oh Sailor—do not thou refuse
These restless bones the few small grains of sand,
So shall the storm which threatens Hesper's shores
Spare thee, and wreck Venusia's distant Land.

So too on Thee shall Jove and Neptune shower
Whate'er of good in life thou carest to know,
The God who guards Tarentum's honoured tower
Shall keep thy pathway in its course below!

But should'st Thou dare refuse this sacred prayer,
Think not my vengeance e'er to turn aside,
Thou and thy guiltless children—all shall share
And perish—punished justly for thy pride!

I'll not be left with prayers so far despised,
Naught for such wrong shall dare excuse to plead,
Whate'er thy haste, such task delays not long,
A little dust thrice sprinkled—onward speed!

ICCIUS.

"*Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides.*"

What! can Iccius envy the wealth of the Arab,
Or threaten the Kings of the Sabines, indeed,
The unconquered Sabines—does he hope to vanquish
Bringing home in his chains the too terrible Mede?

What Virgin Barbaric thy fancy possesses,
Her luckless betrothed to thy prowess a prey ;
What courtly bred youth with the odorous tresses
Shall as Page bear thy cup, and thy orders obey.

Youth taught by a Father to launch forth the arrows
Of Serica boldly—ah, who can deny
Henceforth that the rivers flow up to the mountains,
Or that Tiber runs backwards its sources to dry.

If Thou who hast mastered the lore of Panætius
And the learning of Socrates,—treat them as vain ;
Thou whose youth gave a promise of things so much better,
Abandon them thus for the weapons of Spain !

VENUS.

"*O Venus, regina Gnidi Paphique.*"

Venus Queen of Cnidus-Queen of fair Paphos,
Leave thy loved Cyprus Glycera implores thee,
Lavishing incense over all thine altars ;
Grant us thy presence !

Bring with thee the Boy God, ever attended
By loose girdled Graces, soft Nymphs enchanting,
Mercury and hot Youth—Yet art thou absent,
All charm is wanting !

APOLLO.

"*Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem.*"

WHAT favour at Apollo's shrine
Shall he the Poet dare entreat,
Whilst pouring forth the votive wine
A fitting off'ring at thy feet?
Sardinia's sheaves, nor noblest herds
That o'er Calabria's meadows stray—
Nor Gold, nor Ivory, nor the Fields
Which flowing Lyris eats away;
Let those who taste of Fortune's smiles
The Vine Trees of famed Cales train,
Let Merchants rich from Syria's isles
In sculptured Gold their Wine-cups drain.
He who the wild Atlantic wave
Can traverse safely thrice a year,
And all its unknown perils brave,
That man must to the Gods be dear!
But me—Grant me the simple fare
Of olives, endive, what you will!
A mind and body free from care,
And strength to tune my lyre still.

TO HIS LYRE.

"*Poscimur. Si quid vacui sub umbrâ.*"

WE are called! if e'er in shadowy grove
Thou in thy idlest moments did'st aspire
To breathe the song which lives and shall live on,
Awake oh Lyre!

Lyre, which first the Lesbian fierce in war,
Still in the pauses of the fight attuned,
Or when his tossed bark anchored to the shore
On sands resumed.

The God of Wine he sang, and Venus fair,
The clinging Boy-God, all the Muses nine,
And Lycus beautiful with dusky hair,
And eyes which lustrous shine.

Apollo's pride and joy of Jove's high feasts,
Thou sacred Shell! thee with due rites entreating,
Solace of labour and of every care
Answer my greeting!

ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

"*Albi, ne doleas plus nimio, memor.*"

Come, Albius, cease groaning for cruel Glycera,
Give your elegies peace—if she's broken her vow
No doubt but she's found some one nearer and dearer,
Some Youth who in her eyes is fairer than Thou!

There's low browed Lycoris gone mad for young Cyrus,
He Pholoë; who treats him as bad as can be;
Ah! sooner shall Kids mate with Wolves of Apulia,
Than Pholoë take up with such sinner as He.

'Tis thus Venus delights to deal out cruel measure,
Like with unlike for life in her harsh yoke she binds;
Too late they find out that it isn't all pleasure;
What joy in their groans and their sorrows she finds—

Even me, whom once Venus intending to favour,
Sent to woo a sweet Angel as fair as could be,
Slave Myrtale ensnared—and her precious behaviour,
Why no storm could be worse in its raving than She!

TO HIMSELF.

"*Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens.*"

INFREQUENT, rare, in worship of the Gods,
Whilst wandering in my own self-Wisdom's maze;
Backwards I shift my sail intent to gain
And tread once more the long neglected ways.

Once the great over-ruler of the World
Not as of wont did troublous clouds divide,
With flashing fires—He through the clear skies hurled
His thundering coursers—bade his Chariot ride.

So that the very Earth and wand'ring streams,
And Styx itself, and all the dread abode
Of Tænerus obscure and Atlas heights
Shook to their centre, and proclaimed the God!

All powerful to change the fate of Man
Obscure the proud—make bright the humblest day,
Bid Fortune with shrill cries fulfil his ban,
There grant a Throne, here snatch a Crown away!

FORTUNE.

"*O diva, gratum quæ regis Antium.*"

Oh Goddess who o'er Antium loved dost reign
Ready to raise from deepest depths of woe
Poor mortal Man—or drown his triumph's strain
With songs funereal in the grave below!

To Thee alike the Tiller of the soil
Shall offer prayer; and whosoe'er on sea,
Cuts with Bithynian Keel with arduous toil,
Carpathia's waves shall lift his voice to Thee;

Thee Dacian rude, Thee Scythia's wand'ring tribe
And the fierce Latin nations all implore—
Thee the fierce Mothers of Barbaric Kings
And purple Tyrants bend the knee before!

Lest Thou uproot the safety of the State,
And into sudden actions passions call
Of Men unused to arms, whose cries of hate
Should crush an Empire, bid a Kingdom fall.

Thee, hard Necessity stalks on before,
Bearing in either hand the wedge and nails
In fixēd grasp, and with them evermore
The molten lead and clasp which never fails.

Yet still both Hope and Faith on Thee attend,
And changeful as thou art, though thou should'st flee
From once loved Halls of Power known there as friend,
Change to a Foe—they will be true to Thee.

Whilst the false hind and parasite forsworn
Will shrink from that sad yoke which sorrow sees;
Such friendship lasts not when the Wine is drawn,
And its last flicker fades as fade the lees!

Yet Thou o'er Cæsar cast thy powerful shield,
And his young warriors eager yet to urge
Rome's conquests and extend her widening field
O'er Britain's realm—Arabia's distant verge!

Alas! what blood of Brothers marks our shame,
What scars unhealed! what passion doth Rome shun,
What crime untasted has not soiled her name,
Who now insults not Heaven? Alas not one!

What altar hold we sacred, Goddess say?
Let us no more thy dreaded anger feel;
Our swords new forged from Brethren turn away,
On Scyth and Arab fall th' avenging steel!

NUMIDA.

"*Et thure et fidibus juvat.*"

For the Gods who our Numida safely
From Hesperia's rude bounds have returned,
Let the music and incense be offered,
And the blood of the Heifer be burned.

In the midst of a host of dear comrades,
He singles one dearer than all,
And the deepest and best of his welcomes
To the share of young Lamia fall.

Trained together from earliest childhood,
Together they Manhood attained;
Let this day with a white stone be numbered,
And the deepest Amphora be drained.

Let the dance of the Salii add pleasure—
Whilst Bassus shall strive to drink down,
Frail Damalis quaffing a measure
Which might add to a Thracian's renown.

For this Banquet we stint not the roses,
The Parsley shall lend its fresh green,
Whilst the Lily short-lived in his honour,
Throws its own tender grace o'er the scene.

Though on Damalis deep lustful glances
From eyes filled with passion are cast,
She for Him turns from all, clinging closely;
And like Ivy will cling to the last!

CLEOPATRA.

"*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero.*"

Fill, boys, 'tis the hour for drinking,
For dancing, for feasting and song;
Deck the couch for the Gods whom we honour,
The Gods to whom honours belong.

Not before from the Time-treasured cellars
Was it lawful the Wine to recall,
Whilst the Mad-Queen with still madder fellows,
Was plotting Rome's ruin and fall.

She—drunk with the sweets of fair Fortune,
Fooled by hopes—How delusive and vain!
Sees her Navies a prey to our fury,
Her one Bark alone on the Main.

Those visions so dear to her fancy
Fade fast in the thick coming gloom,
As Cæsar victorious—triumphant—
Rushes on like a Herald of Doom!

As a Hunter on snow-plains of Hœmus;
Swift as oarsmen who dash through the foam,
He comes!—ah thou fair fatal monster
Wilt thou grace his triumph in Rome?

No! true to herself she is Queen-like;
Not for her be the fetters or shame,
Nor flight to some far distant haven
With mere life, and a dishonoured name!

But back to her palace in silence—
Calm—resolute—proud and alone,
She awaits the stern Conqueror's coming,
With a triumph as proud as his own.

Then—welcomes the death dealing Viper;
Fierce Liburnian think not shall be seen
In the streets of that proudest of Cities,
A prouder—the Grand Woman Queen.

TO HIS CUPBEARER.

"*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.*"

I HATE my Boy all Persian pomp,
Their wreaths and coronals but bore me;
Waste not your time in seeking out,
Some dying rose to set before me;
Wreathe me the Myrtle, nothing else;
Thee minist'ring it well beseemeth,
Nor doth it misbecome thy Lord,
Who sits mid bowery Vines and dreameth!

BOOK II.

ASINIUS POLLIO.

"*Motum ex Metello consule civicum.*"

OF civic strife, its conduct and the cause,
The freaks of Fortune, and the doubtful stay
Of Princes bound together but by Wars,
What time Metellus held as Consul sway;

And weapons stained with unavenged blood,
Deeds which must stand the peril of the die,
Treading with faltering steps, where fiercely brood
And scarce concealed the hidden Larvas lie.

Let for awhile the Tragic Muse resign
Her stage, whilst Thou relat'st in noblest strain,
With the great gift of Song all own as thine,
Assume Cecropia's buskin once again;

My Pollio, in forum proudly known,
Sorrow's defender, Counsel's faithful friend,
For whom the Laurels in Dalmatia sown
Still greenly bloom and shall bloom to the end.

Now with hoarse murmuring threats of choral horn
And clarion blast thou still'st the list'ning ear,
Flash the fierce lightnings from bright armour worn
As Men and Steeds affrighted disappear.

Now do I seem the mighty Chiefs to see,
Soiled with the dust that leaves but honoured stains;
And all the trembling Earth subdued to Thee;
Save Cato's soul, *that* unsubdued remains!

And Juno baffled with the Gods who fled
The conquered Afric, which they loved in vain,
Gives to Jugurtha's shade whole heaps of dead,
Her Conqueror's Sons commingled with the slain.

What land is not made fertile with the gore
Of Rome's best Sons—alas! what field but shows
The ghastly mound of Battles midst whose roar
Italia's crashing fall the Median knows!

What stream knows not the bitter wail of woe,
What sea of Daunian carnage bears no stain,
Of Roman dead commingled with the flow,
And tribute of our blood—poured out in vain!

But wayward Muse pass not light measures by—
Thy Cean dirge discard for lighter strain—
With me to some Dionæan Grotto fly
And tune thy Lyre to brighter notes again!

C. SALUSTIUS CRISPUS.

"*Nullus argento color est, avaris.*"

THERE is no worth in mere inactive metal
Hidden in Earth, my Sallust; its true value
Lies not in lustre, nor in polished splendour,
But in fit usage.

Proculeïus kinder than a parent
To poorer Brethren, shall be long remembered,
Borne on no faltering wing to distant ages;
Fame his precursor!

Wider thy rule subduing greedy passion,
Than if the riches pressed into thy service
Of farthest Gades joined to distant Libia,
And either Carthage.

Feeds on itself the dropsy dread increasing—
To stay such thirst we must cast out the causes,
A healthier blood alone can chase the langour
From the sick body—

Wisdom dissenting from the common judgment,
Strikes from the list of happy men Phrœates,
E'en when restored to all the stately splendour
Of the great Cyrus.

Faith in the fallacies of a people's voices
Wisdom refuses—holding only worthy
Of Crown and Laurel, Him whose soul unswerving
Eyes a World's treasures!

QUINTUS DELLIUS.

"*Æquam memento rebus in arduis.*"

Preserve, oh my Dellius, whatever thy fortunes
A mind undisturbed, 'midst Life's changes and ills,
Not cast down by its sorrows nor too much elated
If sudden good-fortune thy Cup overfills.

Whether all that is left Thee of life be but sorrow
Or midst pastures delicious thy future shall stray,
Where reclining at ease with the choicest Falernian
In enjoyment and rapture the days pass away.

Where the Pine trees and Poplars' green branches entwining
Hospitality offer, inviting repose,
Where struggles the streamlet, whose song half repining
Reproaches with murmurs the bank as it flows.

Yes—there let them bring Thee the Wine and its perfume
And blossoming roses deliciously fair—
Which Fortune and Youth and the Three fatal Sisters
With woof still unravelled permit Thee to share.

All at last must thou leave—all—thy home and thy woodland,
Thy Villa so stately—its Tiber-washed walls—
All the Gold thou hast heaped up with care so unceasing
Delighting the Heir to whose power it falls.

Though from Inachus tracing a lineage so wealthy,
Or a Beggar—a wanderer—thy roof yonder sky—
'Tis no matter, the grave has no pity for either,
All are victims alike, in its depth all must lie!

The fatal Urn shaken, or sooner or later,
Thy lot shall leap forth, then to that darkened shore
Towards which all are driven—to Exile unending,
Death's Boat shall bear Thee ; to return nevermore !

ZANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

"*Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.*"

Blush not Zanthias thy love to own
For thy young Slave, if such thy will is ;
Remember how the simple grace
Of slave Briseis, enslaved Achilles.

Tecmessæ—captive to the spear
Of Telamonian Ajax, won him,
By her fair form—so too we hear
Atrides' captive has undone him.

When conquering Thessaly had slain
The hosts of Troy and worked its ruin,
And Hector's loss had left the Greek,
An easy task for Troy's undoing.

How canst Thou know but what the fair
Haired Phillis who such love evinces,
Pleading her wrongs with piteous prayer
May make Thee Son-in-law to Princes.

Believe not her of lowly birth,
So dear, so true beyond all other—
So scorning lucre—think not she
Has sprung from some ignoble Mother.

Those arms, that face which now I praise,
Those tapering ankles! nay suspect not
The virtuous man of forty years—
And on his Honour—fie reflect not!

GABINIUS.

"*Nondum subactâ ferre jugum valet.*"

With pliant neck the yoke to bear,
Or paired with others to submit—
Or the fierce joys of love to share,
For these thine Heifer scarce is fit.

'Tis hers amid the verdant fields
With tender yearlings still at play,
Or mid cool shades or cooler rills,
To chase the summer heats away.

Do Thou the unripened fruit refuse,
Nor immaturely pluck the sheaves,
Till Autumn deepen all the hues
Now peeping coyly thro' the leaves.

Soon—soon, unblushingly shall she,
Thy Lalagé a husband seek
When hours which Time subtracts from Thee
Shall lend fresh beauties to her cheek.

Than Pholoë coy, she lovelier far—
Than white-necked Chloris yet more bright:
As on the silent sea, a star
Or pure moon in the calm of Night.

Not Cnidian Gyges self amid
Those beauteous girls—tho' he so rare—
The shrewdest guest knew not was hid—
So sweet his face—so bright his hair.

SEPTIMIUS.

"*Septimi, Gades aditure mecum.*"

Ah! my Septimius would'st Thou even go
With me to furthest Gyges, would'st thou roam
Midst barbarous Syrtes—fierce Cantabria know,
Where Moorish billows rage in empty foam?

No my Septimius—may my coming age
By Tiber's banks await its peaceful close,
Wearied by Wars and troubled Ocean's rage,
And distant wand'rings, there find due repose.

This should the Fates too hard to me deny,
Thy stream Galæsus grateful will I seek,
Dear to the fleecy flocks; or that fair sky
Thy realm Philanthus, Leader of the Greek.

But most of all Earth's lands, to me is dear,
That smiling spot whose luscious honey yields
Not to Hymettus, where young olives clear,
Vie with the fruit which crowns Venafrum's fields.

There where long Springs and genial Winters reign,
By Jove bestowed, there where old Aulon's soil,
Friendly to Bacchus vies, and not in vain
With all Falernia's juice, with half its toil.

To Thee and Me those happy hills are dear;
So when my days in smould'ring ashes end,
Here shalt thou shed the sympathising tear,
A fitting farewell to thy poet friend.

POMPEIUS VARUS.

"*O sæpe mecum tempus in ultimum.*"

Oh Varus, old comrade in peril's dark hour,
When with Brutus our leader we ravaged the plain
Fraught with dangers and Wars—what beneficent power
Back to Rome and to me has restored you again.

How often together the wine cup we emptied,
Whilst our garlanded locks shone with Araby's balms,
How gay were our hearts and our spirits elated
As we mocked at the foe and scoffed at alarms.

Yet with Thee 'twas in flight from the field of Philippi
That I left far behind " my inglorious shield "
On that day when the loudest of Braggarts and Boasters
Like cravens with base chins saluted the field—

But Mercury safe thro' the thick coming danger
Bore me tho' all trembling aloft in a cloud,
Whilst you, you impetuous reckless old fighter,
Were swept by war's tide to the thick of the crowd.

Let's devote then to Jove this first feast of thy welcome
From thy Wars and thy dangers by Land and by Sea—
And go stretch thy form 'neath yon shadowing Laurel
And spare not the Cups which are destined to Thee.

Ho Slaves ! pour the wine in those carved cups Egyptian,
The famed Massic vintage that drives away care,
And bring delicate sweets and the parsley and Myrtle
To propitiate Bacchus and Venus the fair !

For this night I mean to drown reason in pleasure,
Him most favoured by Venus our Monarch shall be—
As for me I intend to out tipple a Trojan
To honour the friend whom I welcome in Thee.

TO BARINĒ.

"*Ulla si juris tibi pejerati.*"

If any ill, Barinē, did befall Thee
For broken vows or all thy false forswearing,
One blackened tooth—one finger-tip less rosy,
I might believe Thee.

But thou, that head perfidious ever pledging,
Shin'st out more charming to each eager lover,
Whilst more and more the public talk and wonder
To all around Thee.

Oaths by the ashes of a Mother swearing
And broken, seem to profit Thee, tho' perjured;
Night's silent voices—all the starry Heavens
And Gods immortal—

Dost Thou adjure deceitful—these but bless Thee—
Whilst Venus laughs, her guileless Nymphs too laughing—
And Cupid o'er his cruel grindstone smiling
Whets his sharp arrows.

Of Youths now growing daily up around Thee
New Slaves Thou makest; tho' each former lover
Swears to forsake Thee, false and fickle damsel;
Swears alas falsely!

The Mothers, anxious for their young sons tremble,
Each Thrifty Father shudders to behold Thee,
And Brides lie fearful lest thy soft seductions
Lure their young Husbands.

C. VALGIUS RUFUS.

"*Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos.*'

Not always do the showers flood the fields,
Nor the rough waves the Caspian toss in storm
Nor do the shores Armenian always yield
To glacial bonds inert, a passive form ;

Nor are the rugged oaks which wave on high
O'er bold Garganus in the northern blast,
Always loud groaning—nor athwart the sky
My Volgius are the Ash-leaves always cast.

Then why should'st Thou for Mystes gone before
Mourn unavailing—Thee, the starry Eve
And rising moon behold, as tho' no more
Joy could delight Thee—Must Thou always grieve?

He who three generations passed on Earth,
For loved Antilochus did not thus mourn,
Nor for Troilus—tho' at earliest birth
He left his parents for life's unknown bourne.

Cease then this weak complaining, Valgus cease,
And let the thoughts of Cæsar's triumph reign,
He who has awed Nephates tribes to peace
And curbed the flow of India's haughty main.

Who bade the Scyth within imprisoned walls
Rein their proud steeds at their great Master's will,
Within whose bounds alone their freedom falls,
Cæsar the Victor—Cæsar Ruler still!

LICINIUS.

"*Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum.*"

Licinius safely would'st thou pass thy days?
Mistrust the Ocean's depths when calmly sleeping,
Nor too much fearing shrink should storms arise
On to the Quicksand—

Who craves for safety, seeks a golden mean,
Nor in the Hovel e'er will choose his dwelling,
Nor Palace 'neath whose roof crowds envious stand
Ready to censure.

The loftiest Pine Trees first the Tempest shivers;
In direst ruins crash the proudest Towers;
And first the Light'ning's cruel vengeance striketh
Earth's highest mountains.

A mind resolved, at either Fortune smileth—
In days adverse still hopes—when Fortune favours
Trusts her not blindly, knowing that in all things
Jove still is Ruler.

Though adverse now not always shall it be so,
Not always holds the Muse a silent Lyre,
Not strained at full, for ever keeps Apollo
His Bow unerring.

In darkest trials show thyself courageous;
And with like wisdom should fair Fortune's favours
Swell with bright gales, mayhap thy sails too prosp'rous,
Haste Thee to furl them.

QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

"*Quid bellicosus Cantaber, et Scythes.*"

Care not Thou what Calabrian or Scyth
My Hirpinus may choose to devise,
By Hadria's rough waves we are severed,
Care not Thou when such questions arise—

For the wants of an age which needs little,
Be not anxious; Youth fades with each day—
Beauty wanes, whilst old age grey and hoary
Chases love and light slumbers away.

No flower is always the glory
Of spring time—nor with the same face
Does Luna shine forth full of brightness
The Goddess of Beauty and Grace.

Why weary your mind then to fathom
The counsels eternal, 'tis vain—
Why not rather beneath the broad Plane tree
Or Pine at thy leisure remain?

Our grey hairs, whilst still it is lawful,
With odorous roses we'll bind—
Let the Syrian nard lend its unction
The perfume to make more refined—

'Tis Wine, eating care drives away—
Ho! which of you Boys will assuage
This Falernian in yon running streamlet—
And tone down the flavour of Age?

And who can entice the young Lydē
With her Ivory Lyre so fair—
That jade who in Spartan-like fashion
To dazzle us dresses her hair.

TO MÆCENAS.

"*Nolis longa ferœ bella Numantiœ.*"

SEEK not from soft tones so befitting the Lyre
Strains in praise of the Wars fierce Numantia has waged,
Nor of Hannibal—he, whose unfuriate ire
Poured out blood which scarce waters Sicilian assuaged.

Not the Lapithæ fierce—nor the drunken Hylæum,
Nor Sons of the Earth on whose hapless heads fall
The Herculean rage, shaking e'en the foundations
Of old Saturn's palace and star-lighted hall.

Thou in prose shalt far better Mæcenas recount us
All the glory of Cæsar—his triumphs and fame,
How Kings who dared threaten, were abjectly driven
To bow to his yoke, and submit to his name.

Me the Muses ordain, as the theme of my glory,
Licymnia the peerless, whose music and song
And bright flashing eyes illumine a beauty
That to thee and Thee only must ever belong—

Whether in the dance vying or lightly exchanging
Some passage of Wit she shines forth, or else yields
Her arms linked with Virgins in praise of Diana;
And modestly goes with them forth thro' the fields—

Would'st Thou then for the wealth Archæmenes has hoarded
Or the treasures Mygdonia to Phrygia paid,
Or all Araby's castles, in such happy moments
Yield one lock of the hair of thy beautiful maid?

As she turns to thy kisses her neck in its coyness
Or slyly withdraws from thy lips, not before
She feels Thou art eager, again to repeat it,
Then turns to repay Thee a thousand times o'er.

TO A TREE.

"*Ille et nefasto te posuit die.*"

Accursed be the day and He who first planted
With hand sacrilegious this infamous Tree—
An object of scorn and derision in future,
To races unborn shall his memory be.

No crime that the Mind can conceive would he shrink from,
He would kill his own Father, and as for his Guest,
His heart's blood he'd shed without mercy or pity,
Or with poison of Colchis despatch him to rest.

He who placed Thee accursed in my flowery meadow,
So ready to fall on the head of thy Lord ;
A Lord undeserving of any such treatment ;
Who now can believe trees can safety afford ?

Who now can be safe ; what mortal be careful
Enough of his life—let him do what he may ?
He who sails o'er the Euxene tho' gales breathe but
softly,
When he least thinks to find it—Him—fate shall betray.

The Soldier who flies from the dart of the Parthian,
The Parthian who 'scapes from the prisons of Rome,
May think they have baffled a Death, which but lingers,
And sooner or later will track them both home.

Well nigh had I traversed the dark gloomy mansions
Of Proserpines Kingdom and seats of the Blest,
And heard the fair Sappho in music lamenting,
That other young Virgins her lover possessed.

And Thou too Alcæus with strains more resounding,
Of thy hard fate complaining, by Land and by Sea,
And thy perils in War whilst the shadows surrounding
Are hushed into silence to hearken to Thee.

See how closer they press when thy song tells of Battles,
And Tyrants o'erthrown—then they drink in the strain,
And what wonder if ears of such listeners are ravished
And Life's generous impulses stir them again—

Since the Hell Dog himself by thy strain once enchanted,
Sank crouching before Thee—whilst the vipers which twine
Round the brow of the Furies, subdued by such music,
Forgot their own nature in yielding to thine!

Prometheus and He who was Father to Pelops,
In thy song found a solace from labour and pain—
Whilst Orion the Hunter beguiled by its power
Let the Lions unheeded flit safe o'er the plain.

POSTHUMUS.

"*Eheu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume.*"

My Posthumus, my Posthumus, alas our years are flying,
Not piety itself can keep old age away,
Nor the wrinkles softly stealing, nor can Time itself defying,
For one moment Death's sure footsteps and relentless course delay.

Though thrice one Hundred victims to stern Pluto we should offer,
He unmoved my friend would hear thee and unmoved reject thy prayer,
Holds he not the triple giant huge Geryon, mocking scoffer?
And vast Tityon his Brother who the same stern fate must share.

Those dark waves we too must traverse—Death keeps ceaseless watch for all
Who the fruits of earth have tasted, or have toiled through weary hours
Whether King or Peer or Peasant, upon each the lot shall fall,
It awaits the useless stubble, it awaits the gentle flowers.

In vain we shun the Battle, the dying and the groaning—
In vain, we shun the Breakers amid old ocean's roar,
In vain, when winds of Autumn are sadly round us moaning,
Do we seek our fate to baffle, do we seek some other shore.

All are doomed to see the mazes of that slowly oozing river,
The black and gloomy Cocytus—the Danaids all shall see,
And Sisyphus with labours still unceasing, never ending,
These by Thee must yet be witnessed and be witnessed too by me.

You must leave the land—the Homestead, and the pleasant wife for ever—
Yes—of all thy noble woodlands which such grateful shades afford,
But one Tree shall be found faithful—some lone Cypress darkly waving,
A silent watch be keeping above its brief lived Lord.

Then—thine Heir by Fortune favoured shall prodigally squander
All the choice wines thou hast hoarded—thoughtless burst the hundred keys
Which has kept the treasure sacred, and in many a midnight revel
Waste such Vintage and such Wines as a Pontiff rarely sees.

ON THE LUXURY OF THE AGE.

"*Jam pauca aratro Jugera regiæ.*"

THOSE regal piles so vast around us growing,
Will soon leave little space for humbler mortals—
On every side behold what lakes are flowing,
What Fish ponds gleam around the gorgeous portals.

The lofty plane the modest Elm displaces,
No longer now the Olive Tree suffices,
But violets, myrtles lend unusual graces,
And fill the languid air with odorous spices.

Now when the Sun glares out, each seeks a cover
Neath shadowing Laurel—shrinking like a woman—
Alas! the days of Romulus are over,
Think you 'twas thus stern Cato taught the Roman?

Time was when each man thought of self but lightly,
The common good to all was foremost then,
Nor any cared for Show, Rome deemed such rightly
Due to the Temples only, not to men.

The turf sufficed to roof each modest dwelling,
And Public Buildings only graced their portals,
With the rich marble; reverently telling
How Romans sought to honour the Immortals.

POMPEIUS GROSPHUS.

"*Otium divos rogat in patenti.*"

For ease prays he who in the wide Egœan,
When the black clouds shut out the Moon receding,
And the lost stars no longer offer guidance
To the lone Sailor.

For ease too yearns the Thracian fierce in battle,
The haughty Moor bedecked with quivered arrows,
My Grosphus—but alas, nor Gold nor Jewels
Purchase that Treasure—

No Consul's and no Lictor's power can banish,
From Anxious Souls and troubled minds their sorrow
Whilst still around luxurious beds are flitting
Cares ever wakeful.

Well does he live whose modest table shining
With the paternal Silver is contented—
The fear of loss, the greedy hopes of gaining,
Spoil not his slumbers!

Why in our brief life, why extend our wishes?
Why seek in other climes for Suns more shining,
He who self banished from his country wanders,
From himself flies not.

Care mounts the decks of the most splendid Navies,
Mounts Knightly coursers proudly ranged for battle:
Swift as the Stag, or than the East wind fleeter,
On—ever onwards.

If glad the present, let Man shrink from seeking
What lies beyond it, and with light smile temper
Life's present roughness, mindful that in all things,
None are all blessēd.

Death, eager Death snatched off the great Achilles,
Old age delayed Tihōnous worn and weary—
So perhaps to Me the coming Hour may offer
Joys she denies you.

Around Thee feed thy fleecy flocks in hundreds,
Sicilian Heifers 'round thy homestead lowing,
There neigh thy Coursers—whilst the Tyrian purple
Waits to bedeck Thee.

Oh me, the Fates with judgment never erring
Some few sparse fields bestow—some lowly murmurs,
Of the Greek Muse; and in my soul's recesses
Scorn of all meanness!

TO MÆCENAS.

"*Cur me querelis exanimas tuis?*"

Why Oh Mæcenas weary me with tears?
Thou shalt not pass away before thy friend;
This shall the Gods forbid—then cease thy fears,
Thou glory of my Life, till Life shall end.

Ah if some mightier force should snatch away
Thee from my soul, could I still linger here?
Wherefore to follow Thee should I delay,
Why care to cumber then this empty sphere?

Let the same day to each the same Fate give,
No futile oath thy friend to Thee has sworn—
Together will we go—together live,
And tread together Death's path lone and worn.

No! should the flaming Chymera appear,
Or hundred-handed Gyas raise his voice,
Bidding me stay, my Soul should know no fear,
If Fate and Justice but permit the choice.

Our stars have always strangely marched together,
Though Scorpion or the milder Libra swayed,
Or Capricorn, fierce Lord of troublous weather;
From Thee, from Thee, no, never have I strayed—

Thy guardian, Jove himself, has shielded Thee
From Saturn and the Fates whose wings destroy—
His hand above outstretched all earth can see,
And crowds exultant shout aloud for joy.

Me Mercury, sure Guardian of such men,
Saved from the fall of th' accursed Tree,
By aid of Faunus—that dread moment when
Death almost snatched thy faithful friend from Thee.

Therefore oh friend, let us with Joy remember
The votive off'ring for the sacred shrine—
Place Thou thy nobler victim o'er the ember—
The humble lamb shall fitter serve for mine.

Horace survived Mæcenas but a few weeks—both dying B.C. 8—
Horace Nov. 27th, Aged 57.

AGAINST EXTRAVAGANCE.

"*Non ebur, neque aureum.*"

In my abode nor Ivory
Nor Gold adorns the ceiling
No columns rise or rafters rare,
Their Afric growth revealing—

I have no hopes to be the Heir
Of Royalty unknowing,
Nor look to see for me the rare
Laconian purple glowing.

But Faith is mine, a kindly vein
Is mine which changes never;
Both Rich and Poor as friends I gain—
Friends who are friends for ever.

I ask no more from Heaven than this—
No more shall e'er require—
My Sabine Farm makes all my bliss
Fills up my Life's desire.

Day follows Day—New Moons arise
And perish in their rising—
You, one day Death itself shall find
Some costly Marble pricing,

A nobler Mansion yet to raise—
Unmindful of that latest—
Where Death's impartial hand shall place
The humblest and the greatest.

From Ocean's very shore you seek
Dominion, backwards driving
The angry surge that wars in vain,
'Gainst Baiæ—rashly striving.

And more than this, thy Neighbours' lands,
Thy greed still craves, expelling,
Alike the Man, the Wife—the Gods—
From out the humble dwelling—

And yet what certain Fate awaits
The avaricious mortal,
When once his footsteps pass the Gate
Of Orcus' gloomy portal—

Why further seek—Earth gives no more
Prometheus failed to sever,
With golden bribes the bands of Death—
Death holds him, and for ever.

He holds the race of Tantalus;
Yet like some friendly neighbour,
Called or uncalled Death seeks the Poor
And gives him rest from labour.

BACCHUS.

"*Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus.*"

'Mid rocky solitudes I saw, believe it as ye may,
Bacchus instructing frolic Nymphs and Satyrs how to play;
The Satyrs with pricked ears intent enjoying the experiment,
Goat footed bipeds, whilst the Nymphs were laughing full of merriment.

"Evoe"—how my breast still bounds with rapture of the God,
Spare—spare oh, Bacchus—spare my fears, nor wave thy sacred rod!
Thy spirit holds me, I no more am free but own thy power,
And all myself yield up to thee—Thou ruler of the hour.

'Tis mine the right—the Thyādes to sing in solemn measure,
To sing the Fountain welling wine, and all the milky treasure,
Poured forth by Rivers, and the Trees full filled with honey golden
Gifts Mortals owe to Thee alone, to Thee for these beholden.

Mine too to sing thy Consort's fame who gave to Heaven new glory,
And the stern fate of Pentheus with limbs all torn and gory,
Lycurgus—He of Thrace, who tried thy rites to stop for ever,
And whose rash hands thy power enforced his own limbs to dissever.

The rivers yield them to thy will; Thee distant seas obeying,
The Wine thou garnerest on the Hill; the Serpent's venom staying
So that they twine with harmless coil of Thracian Maids the tresses,
Whilst shimmerings rare enrich the hair which crisps 'neath such caresses.

Thee too when Heaven's heights were scaled by impious hosts gigantic—
Thy hand dashed down the Leonine fierce Rhœtus raging frantic,
Though fitter far by some believed for jocund games and dances,
Yet Peace and War alike to Thee, and each thy fame enhances.

When Cerberus thy golden horn saw flashing through the gloaming
Of Hell's domain—his guard he left, to hail thy welcome coming
With joyous tail *his* welcome shews—thy feet with pleasure greeting
And licked with triple-tongue again those footsteps when retreating.

ON HIS FUTURE FAME.

"*Non usitata nec tenui ferar.*"

I THROUGH the liquid air shall soar
On no weak wing, but surely rise
Above this earth, and ever more
Far from all envy gain the skies—

Shall leave the cities—I tho' born
Of humble parentage—yes, I
Whom Thou Mæcenas dost not scorn
To call "beloved" cannot die.

As common mortals pass away,
Dull Styx can never me enthrall,
A Poet not of common clay,
Does not *all* die, e'en at Death's call,

Already do I feel the change,
My nature alters, branching wide,
Outspreading wings of vigorous range
See—see—are sprouting from each side.

Swifter than Dædalus I go
Where Euxines' sounding ocean roars,
Or Bird-like sing to Earth below
On distant Afric's milder shores.

My fame by Colchian shall be known,
The Dacian though his fear of Rome,
He strives to hide, shall surely own
Its power, and Scythia's rocky home.

And haughty Spain be taught by me,
And the deep drinking son of Gaul
In me, at last the Poet see,
The Master-Mind which rules them all.

Raise not for me the funeral cry,
The sad complaint—shed not the tear;
Be hushed all clamours—cease the sigh,
Heap no vain honours o'er my Bier.

BOOK III.

ON CONTENTMENT.

"*Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.*"

I SCORN the vulgar herd—let them begone—
And silence reign—in my verse shall appear
Strains all unheard before—as yet unknown;
Songs Youths and Virgins need not blush to hear.

Tho' Kings their subjects rule, Jove over all
Rules Kings and Kingdoms—rules them as a God—
Glorious, triumphant! Powers 'neath him fall
And all the Universe obeys his nod.

The Law of Life ordains that Man should care
To add to Land more land, or seek to find
Some higher fame, and struggling strive to share
The Honours due to Intellect and Mind.

Necessity by no unequal Law
Casts out the lots of High and Lowly—See
From the same Urn her fateful hands will draw
One lot for all—for all one sad decree.

For him above whose head the sword is hung
Ready to fall, Sicilian feasts in vain
Their charms outspread—nor Music softly sung
Of Lute or Bird can lure back sleep again.

Yet sleep turns never from the lowly shed
Of humbler-minded men—nor from the eaves
In Tempē's graceful vale is banishēd,
Where only Zephyrs stir the murmuring leaves.

The man who bounds his wishes by "*enough*,"
Not wildest storms which vex the raging seas,
Nor red Arcturus—no, nor yet the rough
And rising Capricorn—disturb his ease.

Though rattling Hail luxurious Vines lay low,
And fruits lie ruined with too copious showers,
Though Summer's heats the verdant fields destroy,
Or Winter chills with dark and gloomy Hours.

Where o'er the Sea the huge mounds towering rise,
Narrowing the Kingdom of the scaly brood—
Each toiling worker with his fellow vies,
The rubble casting to drive out the flood!

There—Conscience follows their fastidious Lord,
Mounts with him to the Tower, racks his mind—
Nor gilded yacht—nor steed can ease afford—
Black care pursues him—clinging close behind.

Well, since no Phrygian Marble aught avails,
Nor purple pomp which brightest stars can dim,
Nor Syrian balm—when weary Care assails,
Nor Juice Falernian bubbling to the brim.

Why should I for some future envy raise
A Marble Hall—why with new taste refine?
Why sigh for weary wealth—no let me praise
My humble Home—this Sabine Farm of mine!

ON THE TRAINING OF YOUTH.

"*Angustam amice pauperiem pati.*"

If thou would'st train thy youth to bear
The frets and troubles of restricted means,
Let them to Arms be trained till each man's spear
Flash back swift death to Parthia as it gleams.
Daily accustomed 'neath the changeful sky
To meet life's chances, every danger share,
From the high walls, shall Maids and Matrons sigh,
Lest they too rash th' unequal foe should dare.
Crying "Alas" unskilled, unskilled in War,
Tempt not, 'tis vain, the raging Lion's might,
See—see, the field of battle swims in gore
Beware the rapture—Ah! beware the fight.
'Tis sweet, 'tis glorious for one's Home to die;
Death never spares the Coward in the fray
The trembling Slave struck down, despised shall lie,
No honoured wounds shall soothe his dying day.
True Valour baffled knows not of disgrace,
Refulgent still shines on devoid of Stain,
Assumes, nor yet foregoes the slightest trace
Of her just due a populace to gain—
Valour by ways to meaner minds unknown,
Shoots upwards to the Heavens, points the way
To those not undeserving of its Throne,
Spurns the dull earth and mocks the Vulgar Clay.
To reverend silence just rewards are due,
I scorn and banish him who prates to all

Of sacred Ceres' rites; not of my crew
Shall such man be—or dwell within my wall.
Great Jove neglected in his anger may
The good with bad confuse, but coming Time
Brings the avenger, who tho' he delay,
Surely o'ertakes the swiftest flight of Crime.

ON STEADFASTNESS OF PURPOSE.

"*Justum et tenacem propositi virum.*"

The man whose soul is firm and strong,
Bows not to any Tyrant's frown,
And on the rabble's clam'rous throng
In proud disdain looks coldly down—

Though Hadria's waves around him rise;
Jove's bolts of thunder o'er him fall;
Though the whole world in ruin lies,
He, undismayed, shall meet them all—

'Twas thus Alcides, Pollux too
Won seats in Heaven; thus reclined
With lips all stained with nectrous dew,
Augustus' self with them we find—

This made the fiercest Tigers yield
To Father Bacchus—by such might
Quirinus 'scaped th' infernal field
With Steeds of Mars to aid his flight.

Then Juno spake th' Empyrean Host—
"Troy. Troy in ruin fallen lies
By partial judgment doubly lost,
Lost by a woman's witcheries—

That day Laōmedon broke faith
With th' Immortals and with me
And chaste Minerva, then went forth
On King and People our decree—

No more the Spartan's splendid guest
With his vile leman shall avail,
Nor Priam see the Greek distrest,
Nor Hector's fiery wrath prevail.

The War our discord kept alive
Has sunk to rest—here ends my strife,
With warlike Mars, no more I strive
'Gainst *Him* the *Priestess* gave to life—

For Him shall open wide and fair
Celestial portals—He enrolled
Amid the Gods—be his the rare
And nectrous dew in Cups of Gold—

Whilst between Rome and Ilion flows
The dread ungovernable Sea,
Where'er the Exiles seek repose,
Jove grant their lot may prosp'rous be—

Long as the Wild Beast makes its home
O'er Priam's fields the World shall see
The dazzling splendour of our Rome;
So long the Mede her suppliant be!

Where Europe, Ocean's depths divide
From Afric, even to the Nile,
Rome's name shall echo far and wide,
The friend of Truth, the foe of guile.

Stronger: that she supremely spurns
The ore yon Earth can still withhold
Nor from the Gods its uses turns,
To pour on man the curse of Gold.

Whate'er the limit of her bounds,
Her fame shall reach from pole to pole,
In regions which the sun surrounds,
To that where icy billows roll.

This future lot shall Rome fulfil,
Should she no more essay to raise
Urged by a misplaced pious will,
The Trojan Walls of ancient days.

But even then should Troy arise
By such mischance, she yet shall see
The Sword avenging light the skies,
Borne by Minerva and by Me—

Thrice should Apollo raise the Wall
Of strongest brass—three times in vain,
The Captive Wife her Lord shall call,
And thrice the Mother mourn the slain—

But whither Muse, dost wander now?
No Lyre of mine such strains can please,
Cease too presumptuous—lowlier bow,
Nor strive to treat such themes as these.

CALLIOPE.

"*Descende cœlo, et dic age tibia.*"

Descend Calliope, from Heaven, descend:
Awake the dulcet music—be thy choice
Or reedy pipe, or the harmonious blend
Of Phœbas' Lyre, or thine own tuneful voice—

Dost hear? or is it fancy's subtle play?—
I seem to hear, and follow at her will,
Through pious groves where soft light winds its way,
And waters rippling, wander, and are still.

Once as a Child on Vultur's slopes I strayed
Far from Apulia's ever anxious care,
In slumbers steeped, bright Doves celestial made
For me a canopy of myrtles rare—

So that Earth's denizens were struck with awe—
Those who in Acherontia hold their sway,
Or those whom Bantia's darkling forests saw,
Or where Forentum greets the opening day—

To see me sleeping, safe, and free from harm,
Or of the baneful Snake or hungry Bear,
With Laurel crowned and kept as by a charm,—
An infant sleeping 'neath an Angel's care!—

Yes! oh ye Muses, yours in truth am I—
Whether the Sabine Hills, or Tiber's green,
Or cool Prœneste's vale my footsteps try,
Or limped Baiæ lure me to the scene.

Vowed to your gushing fountains and your song ;
Philippi's adverse steel, nor yet the Tree
Accursed, nor even those rough waves which throng
Round Palinuras e'er have conquered me—

With you, undaunted, gladly would I brave
The raging Euxine or the burning sands,
More fierce and deadly than the surging wave
Where pants the Traveller in Assyrian Lands—

I'd tempt fierce Britain's ever rugged shore,
Fatal to strangers—view Concania's hordes
Thirsting for blood—I'd dare the quivered Moor,
Or seek dark Scythia's streams of gushing fords—

Ye, ye, to Cæsar sweetest solace bring—
His labours over and his arms at rest,
In groves Pierian—o'er his hours ye fling
Of all life's joys the simplest and the best.

Bringing sweet counsels—happy in the deed—
Do we not know how th' impious Titans fell,
Struck by Jove's thunder in their utmost need,
Jove, at whose word the winds and tempests swell.

He who the whole world rules and each one's fate—
To Mortal and Immortal portions all—
Checking the ruthless bands who mad with hate
Rose, and whose hate could almost Jove appal—

Trusting to their mere strength with impious hand—
Mount upon mountain piling to the skies,
The Brethren strove—yet at his high command
Each by his will in abject ruin lies—

But what availed it all, Typhæus say;
Porphyrian threatening, Mimas, Rhætus, who
Joined with Enceladus on that dread day
Huge trees uprooted at th' immortals threw,

Vain 'gainst th' Ægis! Pallas turned aside
Their weapons harmless—sternly Vulcan stood,
Eager for War, and Juno in her pride;
And young Apollo of the Lycian Wood,

He o'er whose shoulders hangs the graceful Bow,
Whose locks are bathed in pure Castilian dew,
Locks loosely flowing, waving to and fro;
A King the Delian and Paturian knew—

By its own weight unreasoning force must fall;
The Gods give double strength where counsels reign,
But that blind force, intemperate, grasping all,
Ending in Crime, they love to render vain!

Let hundred-handed Gyas prove this truth;
Ruthless Orion by Diana slain;
When with the rashness of impetuous youth,
He dared insult the Huntress of the Plain—

Earth mourns her victims by great Jove o'erthrown,
Condemned to Orcus and to endless woes,
Not all the fires which Etna calls her own
Can purge their crimes—assuage their bitter throes—

Still sits o'er Tityus, that gaoler grim—
Still tears the liver growing day by day,
Three hundred chains *still* bind each nervous limb
Of lewd Pirithous with their iron sway.

IN PRAISE OF REGULUS.

"*Cœlo tonantem credidimus Jovem.*"

We know by his thunders Jove rules over all—
So too shall Augustus be known,
When Britain and Parthia acknowledge our thrall,
As a God and Protector of Rome.

Can it be that the Warriors of Crassus renowned
Can basely stoop down, take for Wife,
The Barbarians' offspring? alas such are found,
Who can barter their honour for Life.

Oh shame on our Senate! how changed is the soul
Of old Rome—how forgetful indeed
Of the fire of Vesta—of Mars, and the roll
Of our Heroes—Rome yields to the Mede!

Such days the great Regulus well might foresee,
When denouncing with pity and scorn,
The Soldier a Captive and bending the knee
Of a Roman—A Roman freeborn!

Foreseeing the evil such precedent wrought;
Ye Gods, do I see—he exclaimed—
Rome's standards disgraced, by Punica brought
To her shrine—and Rome's honour defamed?

Do I see Roman weapons all bloodless resigned—
See Rome's warriors, struck with dismay—
With manacled hand, and more manacled mind,
To her forts—not one spear bar the way?

Can ye think that the Soldier a ransom redeems
Comes back truer Warrior? Ah no!
You but add to his shame, you but add to the themes
And the records of sorrow and woe—

Steep the wool in the wave, all its colour is fled—
Will all your best efforts restore
Its beauty again? Shall the spirit once dead
In valour return evermore?

If the Stag from the thicket escaped seeks the fight,
So too will such warrior be brave—
A recreant who yields and seeks safety in flight
Then passively goes forth a Slave!

Seeking first his own safety regardless of all—
The first duty a soldier should know,
Making terms for himself tho' despite honour's call,
Saving thus his mean life from the foe!

Oh shame! Carthage rises on ruins of Rome—
Rome disgraced! Rome may yet see the day—
When no warrior will die for his God or his Home—
When no serf can be viler than they.

This said—He as one who no longer had right—
As a captive to aught of his own—
From his children and wife turned his agonized sight,
To the Earth doubly humbled bent down

His stern face—to the Senate bewailing the day,
Lent the force of his dominant will,
Through his weeping friends took his lone desolate way,
Though a Captive a Conqueror still!

Exile and glorious onward he strode—
Foreknowing the tortures decreed—
By a barbarous foe—calmly swept from his road
All the crowd who his steps would impede—

Calmly as if from the Forum's high Throne—
He some judgment had given, and then—
To Venafria's plains or Torentum had gone
For relief from man's strife and from men !

A WARNING TO THE AGE.

"*Delictæ majorum, immeritus, lues.*"

Unhappy Romans doomed to bear
For crimes in which you had no share,
The misery and pain,
'Till you unto the Gods restore
In all their splendour as of yore
Their Temples freed from stain—
'Tis by submission to their will
That ye your destinies fulfil,
This strengthen'd your domain—
And this neglected, all can see
What ills on sorrowing Italy
The Gods have showered amain

Twice has Monæses crushed our host,
And twice the Parthian Lords can boast
Our Standard as their prey,
Exultant o'er a Roman's shield,
Such trophy did ye basely yield,
And to such foes as they—
The Ethiop and the Dacian rose,
With fleets and archers, bitter foes,
And well nigh conquered Rome;
Whilst you, with deep intestine brawls
Absorbed, but feebly guard her walls,
And shield her native home.

That Age first taught the deep disgrace
Of Homes polluted, and a race
Where vice triumphant reigns,
'Twas from such vicious source there flowed
The stream that tainted each abode,
With this Rome's heart was stained.
Her tender Virgins, lost to shame,
To common decency and fame,
Ionic dances show—
They seize with joy voluptuous ways,
And each unblushingly displays
Her fervid feelings glow.

Yet more—a Wife—in later days—
She seeks some gallant—then betrays
The spouse who tippling, dreams;
Quick snatches with a trembling joy
Some moments with her amorous boy,
Whilst low the dim light gleams.

The Husband, not unconscious, sees
And lends himself to crimes like these,
Hears her, her Pander call,
Knows that to some bold Captain she
Sells, sells alas how willingly,
Her honour, Virtue, all!

Not from such race as this first came
Those sons of Rome who held Rome's fame
'Gainst Rome's foes each and all—
Who bathed her sceptre in the gore
Of proud Antiochus, and more
Crushed down great Hannibal.
A manly race of Warriors, they
Taught both to honour and obey,
Thought it no shame to till
With spade the fruitful glebe and bear
The faggots home with duteous care
At the rough Mother's will.

When the descending Sun had thrown
The shadows of the mountain down,
That hour of all the best;
They and their wearied oxen turned
To gain the meed by labour earned,
The sweet calm hour of rest.
Alas! what does not time deface;
Our Fathers than their Sires more base,
We meaner still than they,
Shall yet behind us leave a race
More prone to ruin and disgrace,
More subject to decay.

ASTERIA.

"*Quid fles Asterie, quem tibi candidi.*"

Asteria, why mourn'st thou for Gyges,
Dost fear lest he faithless should be?
No! enriched with the gains of his voyage,
The Spring shall return him to thee—
By the star of mad Capricorn driven
To Oricus—left there in vain,
He through the chill night watches sleepless,
And weeps to behold Thee again—
In vain do they tempt him with Chloë,
His hostess, he leaves her to pine;
Though they swear that the flames which consume her,
Are a thousand times fiercer than thine—
Hint how nearly Belerophon perished
A victim to Prætus' alarms—
When the false consort plotted his ruin
For too coldly regarding her charms.
Tell the story of Peleus, who well-nigh
In Tartarus ended his fame,
Softly whisper him lessons for sinning
In safety—and hiding the shame.
All in vain, he is deaf to their pleading;
Deaf as rocks to the breakers which roar
Round Icaria—but *You*—You, are needing
A warning to keep from your door
Young Enipeus—no rider more skilful
Than he; in the Campus—supreme;

And I grant you no swimmer more boldly
With bare arm cleaves Tiber's cold stream.
Yet thy doors close! when twilight is waning,
And the tunes of the flute softly fall;
The more that young Gallant entreats Thee,
Be deaf and don't answer his call!

Compare Shakespeare "Merchant of Venice."—Act. 2, Sc. 5.

"SHYLOCK. Hear you me Jessica:
Lock up my door: and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry necked flute,
Clamber not up to your casement then,
Nor thrust your head into the publick street."
&c., &c.

TO MÆCENAS.

"*Martiis cælebs quid agam Kalendis.*"

THOU who art skilled in lore of either language,
Dost Thou too wonder, why, with Spring's bright flowers
On these March Kalends, and with perfumed incense,
I grace my homestead?

I in my solitude! Dost not remember
This the returning day, when haply 'scaping
From the dread Tree, I vowed an off'ring yearly,
To the great Bacchus?

A white kid simm'ring, and a festal banquet;
And on this day the noblest wine to offer,
Wine smoke-toned now, but garnered in the days when
Tullus was Consul!

Come then, Mæcenas, honour thou our friendship,
A hundred wine cups quaff me—let the dawning
Break into daylight—far from us be banished
All noisy wrangles.

Cast off all cares of State, full well thou knowest
Cotiso's Dacian soldiers, long since routed—
And the fierce Medes their swords are blindly turning
Each on the other.

Our ancient foe, Cantaber, lies in fetters,
On Spain's rude coast, and yields him to our power;
So too the Scythian, steadily retreating
Slackens the bow-string.

As one who cares alone for private welfare,
Nor gives himself too much to public service—
Seize thou the joys the present hours offer;
Cast off the Statesman!

AMANTIUM IRÆ.

"*Donec gratus eram tibi.*"

HORACE.

WHEN I was of thy Life a part,
Nor others in thy arms might rest,
Nor any else possess thy heart,
No Persian King than me more blest.

LYDIA.

When Lydia was not all forgot
For Chloë, now thy latest flame,
Then Lydia's was the proudest lot,
Prouder than old Rome's proudest dame.

HORACE.

Of Thracian Chloë now the slave—
Her Lute's soft notes, her dulcet song;
Death for her sake I'd gladly brave
Could my death that dear Life prolong.

LYDIA.

Me, Thurian Calaïs holds in thrall,
In mutual love—who blest as I?
Should Fate decree that life should fall
To save that life, I twice would die!

HORACE.

What if my former love return
And Venus bind me with *thy* charms,
If gold-haired Chloë I should spurn
And welcome Lydia to my arms—

LYDIA.

Though fairer than Night's Star were He—
Thou rough as Night's tempestuous sky,
Lighter than Cork thy love for me—
With Thee I'd live—with Thee would die!

LYCĒ.

"*Extremum Tanain si biberes, Lyce.*"

Ah! wert thou my Lycē a bride of the savages
Brought up on iced waters of Tanāis alone;
Thou should'st yet feel compassion for one whom the ravages
Of such cold sleety blasts have half chilled to the bone.
Just hark how they rattle, still louder as evermore
Sweep through the groves the wild gusts and the rain,
Only think how the frosts fall as thick as if nevermore
Jove meant to smile on us mortals again.
Come away with your pride, Venus ne'er meant to give it ye,
Don't strain at a rope till the wheel breaks away,
You were never intended to be a Penelope,
Scouting your lovers by night and by day.
If gifts and entreaties won't move you to pity, dear,
Nor my pallor and chillness some kindness call down,
I'll try Jealousy then—'tis well known to the city, dear,
That your husband plays false with a Nymph of the Town.
Pshaw! you're deaf as an adder and harder than oak I find—
Yet faith you might pity a lover like me;
But I'm blest if I stop in this cold sleet and cruel wind
Making love to a woman as fickle as Thee.

TO THE LYRE.

"*Mercuri, nam, te docilis magistro.*"

THOU who didst teach Amphīon all the lore,
Which charmed the rocks to motion at his will,
Thee Mercury—thy aid let me implore,
And Thou my Lyre, whose sevenfold chords of skill,

Not in our early days were grateful found,
At Feasts and Temples—welcome now to all;
Teach me some strains, by which fair Lydē bound,
Entranced—shall list my measures as they fall.

She, shy as yearling filly o'er the field
Flies at the least approach—exultant bears
Herself aloof, too timid yet to yield
To any love—the very wooing fears.—

Thou who hast power fierce Tigers to subdue,
The Woods to move, the River's course to stay,
Compel stern Cerberus to yield to you—
That Jailer grim who shuts the gates of day!

Fierce as he is, at thy sweet strains he bowed
His hundred serpent heads and ceased to pour,
From those dread jaws, the poison breathing cloud,
That pest of Hell, his triple gullet bore.

Ixion paused and Tityos stood still;
Smiles unaccustomed soothed th' eternal pain,
The Danaids ceased their toil—forgot to fill
The endless cask—Thou gavest them peace again.

Teach Lydē all the story of their crime,
And all the punishment such guilt must share,
Show how they labour, toiling thro' all time
To fill those sieves which still refuse to bear.

Teach her what fate must fall on such dread crime,
Sooner or later though till death delayed—
What act so impious has been known to Time
As Bridegrooms murdered and by Brides betrayed!

One only faithful—if false, false to him
The perjured parent—honoured be her name—
True to the vow no act of hers shall dim;
How nobly false—her glory not her shame!

Rise, rise! awake oh spouse, and sleep no more,
Lest that long sleep which knows no ending come,
Comes from a source unknown and wafts Thee o'er
Death's sullen waves to thy eternal home.

See—see—my blood-stained sisters—each has slain
Her trusting Husband—cruel beasts of prey!
I, far more tender, bid Thee live again,
Nor hold Thee captive till the dawn of day!

No! let my cruel Sire seek to bind
Me in his fetters—wroth with love which spares
A Husband's life—tho' I such mercy find
As the poor slave in fierce Numidia shares.

Only go thou! fly quick as gales can bear—
May Night and Venus both auspicious shine
To life's last hour—grant, but grant this prayer,
Carve on one tombstone thy dear name and mine!

NEŌBULĒ.

"*Miserarum est, neque Amori dare ludum.*"

Ah! how sad is the fate of poor girls who mayn't roam
In the sweet, pleasant byways of love and delight,
Nor attempt to drown grief in the wine cup at home,
Lest some terrible parent should storm day and night.

Never mind, Neŏbulē—thy Hebrus the fair
Liparæan has taught Thee to be not unkind,
For Him you've neglected your wool-work and hair—
And the tasks of Minerva have cast to the wind.

There's no swimmer in Tiber is braver than he,
Not Bellerophon's self guides a courser so well—
As an athlete, what form can more terrible be,
And who in the race can his fleetness excel?

In the depths of the forest when hounds bring to bay
Or scatter the deer—is there marksman more true—
Or is any more daringly eager to slay
The death-dealing boar when he's once brought to view?

TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

"*O fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro.*"

Oh Fountain of Bandusia, more pure than crystal clear
Thou art worthy of the Wine and the Flow'rets of the year,
In thine honour will I offer a young kid whose budding horns
Show how proudly he for love and for battle, danger scorns.

Alas, alas, in vain!—on the morrow shall he lie
A sacrifice to beauty, and his blood thy waters dye,
Thy cold pure waters tinging—oh happy fate to be
Reserved for a young kidling, so frolicsome as he!

The Dog star comes not near thee to mar the cool repose
Where are shadows ever welcome, as the wearied oxen knows,
And the wandering herds seek shelter, how well they find the way
Beneath the spreading branches where thy sparkling waters play.

Of all fountains, oh Bandusia, thou shalt be the most renowned,
When I sing the branching Lilacs, and the caverns they surround—
When I praise thy waters leaping wildly o'er the rocks to fall,
And in falling sing thy praises in tunes most musical.

ON THE RETURN OF AUGUSTUS.

"*Herculis ritu, modo dictus, o plebs.*"

See men of Rome—see,—He who went to gather,
As Hercules, the Laurels Death doth water;
He from far Spain in triumph is returning;
Cæsar the Victor!

Let Her for whom He is the chiefest treasure
Join the glad rites; so too the noble sister
Of the great Leader, and the sacred Matrons
Girt with the Fillet.

Now danger threats no more the much loved offspring;
Come too ye Maidens toying with your Bridegrooms,
Only give heed, that words unmeet for hearing
Sink into silence.

This is a day for high feasts and rejoicings,
Let care be banished, I nor brawl nor tumult,
No nor swift murder, fear—for what can harm us,
Cæsar still living?

Go Boy, bring sweetmeats, coronals and flowers,
Bring Wine that dates since Marsian Wars were raging,
If that old rover Spartacus has haply
Left but a Beaker.

Quick bring Necœra, sauciest of damsels,
Hair all myrrh scented, knotted like the Spartan;
Should her harsh Guardian surlily forbid thee—
Hasten Thee homewards—

Nothing so cools fierce wrath as locks snow-whitened,
Wild strife and anger they are loth to mix with;
Not tamely brooked I insults, in the days when
Plancus was Consul!

TO CHLORIS.

"*Uxor pauperis Ibyci.*"

Of Ibacus Pauper, wretched spouse that you are,
Mend your life, and in decency be there an end
To your infamous pleasures; you're fitter by far
For the grave and the charnel, towards which your days tend.

Cease, cease, join no more with young virgins in dances,
Like some cloud casting shadows on stars bright as they—
That which Pholoë may suit and her pleasure enhances,
Is absurd in old Chloris, prank it out as you may.

It's all very well, when young Pholoë desires
To besiege some gay gallant and bring him to bay ;
As the clash of the cymbals the Bacchante fires,
Young Notus no doubt sets her pulses in play.

But for Thee, the fit task is the wool of Lucera,
Not the Lyre, nor the roses still dear to thine eye,
And believe me there's nothing in this world looks queerer
Than an old woman draining at dregs that are dry.

THE EVIL INFLUENCE OF GOLD.

"*Inclusam Danaën turris aënea.*"

In brazen Tower enclosed with oaken door,
By wakeful Watch Dogs kept the whole night long,
That Danaæ fair might sleep at least secure
Beneath such care from any midnight wrong,

Acrisius planned ; lest there, to her be born
His future Fate, he trembling for that day—
But Jove and Venus laughed alike in scorn—
The Golden shower soon won its easy way.

Gold, gold more fatal than the lightning's force,
Cleaves its swift way tho' Granite walls oppose,
Disarms the Soldier in its vicious course,
To Gold the Argive's race its ruin owes.

Its power the Macedonian knew full well—
Kings, Princes, Leaders, Cities, Navies, all
Sank 'neath its charms—beneath its influence fell,
One mighty magic holds them all in thrall.

The Hunger gathers as the crop grows on,
And the Cares double—ever have I feared
Knightly Mæcenas—Chief where many shone,
Lest I my humble crest too high had reared.

The more a man shall to himself deny,
So much the more his store the Gods increase,
And I, nought coveting untrammelled fly
To find Contentment, Happiness and Peace!

Richer; tho' such small things the Rich deride,
Than if Apulia's wealth were in my store,
With all her gain—Nor care I to abide
'Midst "unused" riches Opulent yet Poor!

The purling Brook—some roods of Sylvan land,
Some certainty of coming crops, tho' small—
Make a far happier lot, than he whose hand,
Doubt tho' he may—in Afric grasps at all.

Tho' not for me Calabrian Bees prepare
The honeyed comb—nor fruitful fields bestow
Some precious vintage to be kept with care,
Nor the soft fleece Gallicia's pastures know;

Yet Penury and Want keep far away—
Lacked I in aught, how freely wouldst thou give!
I, my desires contracting, day by day
Increase my Revenues each hour I live.

Richer, than tho' Mygdonia called me Lord;
The "ever craving" is Want's slave and thrall,
The Gods most wisely thus their gifts accord,
Giving "enough," they amply give to all!

TO ŒLIUS LAMIA.

"*Œli, vetusto nobilis ab Lamo.*"

Descendant of that noble race
The Lamia, who from Lamos trace
Their lineage and name;
Thine Ancestor, that Prince whose sway
The Walls of Formia obey,
Such Œlius is thy fame.
Lord of the Liris, which yields
To rich Marisca's grassy fields
Crops ample as of yore,
To-morrow such a storm shall rise,
As fills with scattered leaves the skies,
With sea-weed strews the shore.

Unless yon Crow false prophet be,
Foul weather truly shall we see—
So husband thou with care
Thy faggots from the soaking rain—
Store well the wood, that we again
Its grateful warmth may share!
Then on the morrow bringing forth,
Honouring thy genius and its worth,
Thy best and brightest Wine,
A tender suckling dressed with care,
Just three months old, bid them prepare,
And prince-like nobly dine!

FAUNUS.

"*Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator.*"

Faunus, thou lover of young Nymphs who fly thee,
Propitious enter thou my fields and meadows,—
Sloping all sunwards, and at thy departing
Smile on my yearlings.

So shall a kid to honour Thee be offered,—
When the year wanes—and wine cups amply brimming,
Honour fair Venus and her boon companions,
Whilst smoke thine altars.

When the December Nones bring back thy Feast-day,
The herds o'er all the grassy meadows straying
Wander at will—thus too, the idle village
With the freed Oxen—

Then Lambs emboldened gamble where the wolf prowls,
Then Woods with leaves bestrew thy welcome pathway,
Whilst the worn delver o'er the Earth exultant,
Dances a measure!

TO TELEPHUS.

"*Quantum distet ab Inacho.*"

How long after Inachus, Codrus the fearless,
Gave his life for his country, no doubt you have told,
And who of the race of Æâchus fell nobly
In fighting for Ilion the sacred, of old—

But the cost of old Chian, and what we must pay for
Our Baths and hot water, our lodgings, and where
We shall find pleasant quarters in winter to shelter
Our limbs from the cold, *that* you will not declare.

Ho Boy—brim a cup to the full Moon; another
To Midnight; a third just to honour our Host,
Murena the Augur, let each choose one or other
Either *three* or *nine* measures as pleases him most.

He who worships the Muses—him nine shall inspire,
With fury poetic—but the Grace will decline
With her twin modest Sisters—so fearful of ire
And Strife, to mix more than a third part of Wine.

'Tis folly indeed to go mad for a season —
Why ceases the flute Bericynthine, and say
Why is silent the Lyre—come give us your reason
For grudgingly hiding the Music away—

How I hate niggard mortals, with hands always sparing,
Come scatter me roses in showers around—
Let old Lycus go mad with the noise and the daring,
And his wife who don't suit him, drive her deaf with the sound.

But Thee, Telephus, shining in beauty all glorious,
With locks flowing freely—Thee, Rhodē divine,
Besieges with love—whilst I'm driven furious
By Glycēra who maddens and leaves me to pine.

TO PYRRHUS.

"*Non vides quanto moveas periclo.*"

Dost Thou not know the dangers men incur
Who'd snatch the Cub from out the Lion's lair,
And would'st Thou Pyrrhus then such dangers dare
In strife unequal?

When she for young Nearchus madly yearning,
Bursts through a crowd of Youths, their incense spurning,
(Though great the Strife, its end all can discern in
The certain sequel.)

Whilst Thou thine arrows art but just preparing,
She with sharp tooth and fangs the prey is tearing,
And he the Arbiter, who takes no share in,
This Strife, beside Her,

Treads with white foot the Prize ; for each Beholder
Spreads the soft Hair above her ivory shoulder,
Nœreus Locks, or fair as those we're told are
Borne by young Ida.

TO MY CASK.

"*O nata mecum consule Manlio.*"

Born like myself under Manlius the Consul,
Whate'er the effect of thy juices may be,
Whether wild love or strife or the deepest of slumber,
Thy contents oh ! my Cask ! this day shall set free.

Under what name soe'er was thy Massic juice garnered,
A day so auspicious thy virtues shall task ;
We will broach Thee in honour of noble Corvīnus,
Who loves his Wine mellowed and fresh from the Cask !

He will not refuse Thee ; tho' filled with the maxims
Socratic, we know how he follows the line
Of old Father Cato, who was always addicted
To warm his wise heart with a Cup of good Wine !

Ah! thou givest a spur to the dullest of mortals,
The cares of the wisest can'st chase far away—
The heart's closest secrets at moments revealing,
By the power of Bacchus the joyous and gay—

To the mind over-anxious fresh nerve bringing ever,
New hope and new strength—and in poverty's thrall
Can'st so highly exalt the crushed soul, it is ready
To face Kings or Armies—to brave one and all!

Thou with Bacchus and Venus, if Venus be merry
And the Graces so loth to ungirdle the zone,
Shalt help to prolong the bright shining starlight,
Till Phœbus returning claims Earth for his own.

TO DIANA.

"*Montium custos nemorumque Virgo.*"

Thou tri-formed Guardian of the Groves and Mountains,
Goddess on whom the youthful Mothers calling,
Three times invoking—thou whose gracious presence,
Warns off Death's darkness—

This Pine now o'er my humble dwelling waving
To Thee I dedicate—and in thine honour
Each year some young Boar meditating slaughter,
Shall here be slaughtered.

TO PHYDILĒ.

"*Cælo supinas si tuleris manus.*"

If thou oh rustic Phydilē, should'st raise
With each New-Moon the supplicating hands,
And yield the Lares sacrifice and praise,
With flesh of swine and corn from off thy lands;

Then, shall nor blighting winds thy vines destroy,
Nor mildew waste the harvest of thy fields;
Nor thou lament thy yearlings, now thy joy,
Struck down by fruits th'unwholesome Autumn yields.

On snow-clad Algidus whole flocks may feed,
Midst Oak and Ilex rove the mountain side,
On fair Albania's fields, yet shall they bleed,
By Pontiffs knife struck down with Pontiff pride!

'Tis not for Thee, such off'ring to bestow;
No sheep full grown be on thy altars laid—
But Rosemary and Myrtle—thus below
Should humble gifts by humbler souls be paid!

Off'ring most sumptuous, nothing here prevails,
The incensēd Gods just anger to prevent—
Mere Bread and Salt with them far more avails,
If hands all innocent the gift present.

THE IMMODERATE DESIRE OF WEALTH.

"*Intactis opulentior.*"

THOUGH greater far thy Wealth should be
Than Araby or Indus knows—
Thy Palace Gates rest on the sea
Which Tuscan or Apulian flows;

If dread Necessity should drive
Her death-bolts home—thy Soul would fail
Vainly 'gainst fear of death to strive,
Nor all thy riches aught avail—

How happier far the Scythian rude,
The wand'ring Wain his only home;
Or the rough Getæ, seeking food
Where He, and all in common come—

Where each man for a single year
Tills the free soil—then passes on,
Another comes the glebe to clear,
And yet another—then are gone—

Where the rude Mother lends her care
To orphaned innocence,—*She* there
Though all undowered would scorn to share
The splendid honours guilt may wear—

Her dowry Virtue! nobler far
Than all illicit love could give,
No act unchaste of hers shall mar
Her soul—*that* stained, she dare not live!

He who would strike down impious rage
And civic strife, for him shall be
A name engraved on Honour's page—
The "Father of his country He!"

Let him be bold and dare disown
Indomitable license—years—
Yea, distant ages shall make known
The Honours he so nobly bears—

Obtrusive virtue all despise
Too obvious seen—but let her gain,
Spurning this earth, Heaven's purer skies,
We seek Her, and alas! in vain.

Yet what avails complaint or moan,
If Guilt can all unpunished go;
If laws are powerless to atone—
And morals are but empty show—

If nor the hot and torrid main,
Nor Ice-bound Boreas, can scare
The Merchant in his lust of gain,
Nor Sailor who all risks will dare,

Conquering the Ocean—they but fear
The taunt of poverty alone,
For gain, all toils will eager share
Yet shun the path towards Virtue's Throne!

If truly penitent should we
Not cast our gold or gems away,
Into the deep unfathomed Sea—
Harmless at least whilst there they stay—

Root out the avarice of the Soul—
Each nerve by rougher training brace—
Keep all mean passions in control,
And every base-born thought efface—

Behold yon Heir of Nobles, see!
He shuns the dangers of the chase,
Th' impetuous steed—how eagerly
The lawless Dice will he embrace.

Whilst his false Sire toils and toils
To heap up wealth and swindles all,
Round Guest and Consort throws his wiles
That greater Wealth to him may fall,

To Him the worthless Heir; ah me!
The riches growing more and more:
Are useless all! there still will be
A something wanting to the store!

ODE TO BACCHUS.

"*Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui plenum.*"

WHITHER Bacchus filled with Thee,
Whither Bacchus lead'st Thou Me,
Through what Fields and Groves I go—
Nothing of myself I know—
All is new—yet even here
Cæsar's name I must revere,
Raise him to the realms above
To the Council Halls of Jove!
Speak in words unheard before,
Tell the honours Cæsar bore.
I the sleepless, dimly see
Snows of Thrace dark Rhodopē,
Waves of Hebrus far below—
Which from Mountain tops you show—
How it joys me to behold
Naïds, Mænads, as of old,
In my dreaming wand'ring wide,
Heave the Ash from Mountain side!
Naught that's lowly shall be heard,
Nothing mean no single word;
Ah! 'tis dangerously sweet
Following Thee with willing feet;
Lead Me, Thy true votary bound,
Bacchus with the Vine Leaf crowned.

TO VENUS.

"*Vixi puellis nuper idoneus.*"

In thy courts once oh Venus too well was I known,
And there not ingloriously long held my own,
But now both my Arms and my Lute I resign—
They no longer are fit to be weapons of mine.

On thy left side fair goddess I place them with awe,
A sign I'm too old and too worn out for War—
The Torches—the Weapons, the Bows—aye and all
The Youth which once summoned each fortress to fall.

But Thou oh Great Goddess of Cyprus the Queen,
And of Memphis—where Winter's Snow never is seen,
Avenge me on Chloë that young malapert—
With one touch which may wound her yet not too much hurt.

TO GALATEA.

"*Impios parœ recinentis omen.*"

Omens of evil wait upon the wicked,
The Screech-owl dread, the Hound, or She-wolf tawny,
From dark Lanuvian forest nightly skulking,
Or wild fox prowling—

Serpents shall mar the journey just beginning,
Obliquely slanting like the arrow deadly,
Frighting the steeds, whilst I, for those I cherish,
Breathe but good omens.

Long e'er the Crow turns towards the stagnant marshes,
Foretelling Storms, will I invoke the Raven,
Bird of good omen—He my prayer shall answer
With the Sun's rising,

Yet wheresoe'er my Galatea journeys
May joy attend her, and no Bird of evil,
Rising to leftwards mar her hopes—and may She
Me still remember!

But see, Orion points to coming tempests
Too well I know fierce Hadria's cruel breakers,
And how the west wind with deceitful wooing
Lures us to danger.

Such as to wives and children of our foemen
One well might wish—to Them, and to Them only—
The roar of waters and the fierce resounding
Of the black sea-storm.

So when Europa to the Bull deceitful
Trusted her limbs snow-white midst howling tempests,
Sea Monsters rising from the depths of Ocean
Crushed her heart's courage.

She who fair flowers on that morn had gathered,
Weaving bright crowns for damsels in the meadows,
Now through the Night sees nought but stars dim shining,
And the wild waters!

Then as she neared the Cretans "Hundred Cities,"
O'ercome with grief; upon her Father's calling,
What have I done! what duty not abandoned,
Both Home and Duty!

Too light indeed is Death for such vile trespass;
I wake and weep the baseness thus committed,
Am I indeed awake or is it dreaming,
And I, still guiltless?

Is it some phantom which in sleep is fashioned,
Can I indeed have left my flowery meadows,
To cross the Ocean and its dread Waves traverse
Alone unguarded?

Oh that, that Bull so hated were but given
To my just vengeance—He I deemed so beautous!
How would I mar that form so lately cherished;
Now—how detested!

Shameless! my Household Gods have I forsaken;
Still do I fear to tread the path to Orcus—
Oh may the Gods in some dread Desert cast me
Forth to the Lions!

Or midst fierce Tigers—whilst my youthful beauty
Still lives unscathed and all the life blood flowing
Makes but more tempting to the cruel prowler
His willing victim!

Vile, vile Europa! thus I hear my Father—
Why fear to die—Hast Thou no girdle left Thee,
Is there no Tree from which thy life suspended
Can make atonement?

Are there no Rocks, no Stones meet for destruction,
O'er which swift dashing—all thy woes are ended—
Or can it be, that Thou—a Royal Daughter,
Dread'st not *Dishonour!*

Would'st live the Slave of some Barbarian mother?
Oh shame untold! E'en as She thus lamenting,
Arch-smiling Venus—and the Boy God Cupid
Came with Bow loosened.

Their laughter sated—thus the Goddess spake her;
Curb, curb thine anger—know that Bull returning
Shall yet be welcomed—harm him wilt thou never
When Thou behold'st him!

Know then thyself the Bride of Jove unconquered,
Hushed be thy tears, thy glorious fortune welcome,
Henceforth Thy name shall give half earth's dominions
Its proudest title!

TO LYDĒ ON THE FEAST OF NEPTUNE.

"*Festo quid potius die.*"

WHAT better can we on this day
Neptune's high feast—say, Lydē say!
Fetch me the old Cœcuban wine—
'Twill cheer our hearts both yours and mine;

That hoarded Cask set free—this morn
We'll laugh old Wisdom's self to scorn ;
Dost mark the fleeting days decline
Whilst thou stand'st idly and supine,

Wine spurning which was made that year
When Bibulus was Consul here—
Haste—haste to bring it and we'll sing
Of glorious Neptune, Ocean's King—

The Nereids with the sea-green hair :
Or to Latona—Goddess fair,
And Dian chaste, thy Lyre shall raise
Songs of triumph, songs of praise.

Last, fitting crown to festive scene,
Chant Venus of all the joys the Queen—
Honoured in the Paphian seas—
In Cnidos and the Cyclades—

Praise the Swans which lead her Car—
Till with the rising of the star,
Dusk Night steals slowly o'er the sky,
Then hush thy songs to "Lullaby."

INVITATION TO MÆCENAS.

"*Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi.*"

Mæcenas offspring of the Tuscan race ;
Long since is waiting at my modest Home
The mellowing Wine, and wreaths thy brow to grace,
Balm for the hair to welcome Thee—then come—

No more delay ; do not for ever gaze
On Tiber's waters, or Æsulian plain,
Nor parricidal Telagon's steep ways,
But turn thy thoughts to humbler things again.

Forsake fastidious wealth, and that proud Dome
Which soaring upwards seems to seek the skies,
Leave for awhile the smoke and noise of Rome
The State and Pomp which daily meet thine eyes—

Some change from State, to Man is ever dear,
Beneath the humble roof-tree thou shalt find
Man needs not gorgeous wealth his heart to cheer,
And drive out Care from the contented mind.

Long since Andromeda's bright star is seen,
Fierce Procyon glares and Leo casts his rays ;
Full summer's heat is felt o'er all the scene
Bringing dread drought, and ever sultry days—

The wearied Shepherd with his panting flock
Seeks the cool stream and courts th' embow'ring trees—
Where dwells Silvanus—whilst the arid rock
And silent Banks await the morning breeze.

All Nature rests—but Thou alone toil'st on
Intent on cares of State—lest thy loved Rome—
Perchance be threatened by the haughty Don,
Or Persian Cyrus and his warriors come.

Know, the wise Gods have hid from mortal ken
In deep unfathomable night their ways,
They veil the Future from the eyes of Men
And mock the Care which dreads the coming days!

Live in the present—that alone is thine;
All else flows onward as the river flows—
Still constant gliding, tranquil and supine,
To find in seas Etruscan sure repose!

Anon it rushes with a torrent's roar—
Sweeping the Flocks and Herds and Homes of Men;
With trees uprooted strews the trembling shore,
And whelms in ruin meadow, wood and glen—

Happy alone is He who yet can dare
In spite of Fortune, proudly bold to say
Whate'er To-morrow brings, of Joy or Care,
It matters not, at least "I've lived To-day"!

Whether it shine or rain—I care not, I—
That which *has been* not Jove can take away,
The past is mine—no power in yonder sky
Can blot one hour of fleeted Yesterday!

Fortune delighting in her cruel power,
Intent on playing her capricious game,
Changes her honours, aye—from hour to hour,
Now smiles on Me—now gilds some other name—

When here I praise Her—should she shake the wing,
I willingly her gifts to her resign,
Strong in myself her favours back I fling
And welcome Poverty, fit Bride of mine!

I am not one of those who seek to please,
When Afric tempests toss the troubled main,
The Gods by prayers—propitiate the Seas
With Bales of Goods—and all my hoped-for gain.

I will not give my treasures to the deep—
But in some humbler Bark re-trim my Sail,
Pollux my guide, me safely yet shall keep,
And I in triumph scud before the gale!

TO HIS FUTURE FAME.

"*Exegi monumentum aere perennius.*"

I've raised a Monument which will endure
In spite of Rain and Wind, and stand secure,
Longer than Brass or Regal Pyramid—
Nor shall by coming Time its Fame be hid!

I shall not wholly die! my larger soul
Shall 'scape Libitina from thy control—
Through coming Ages shall be wider known
Long as the "High Priest" visits Vesta's throne—

I o'er the populace shall hold my sway,
Where arid Daunus meets the light of day,
Or brawling Aufidus; Yes, there my name
As He who first gave Roman verse its fame,

Joined to Æolian notes shall oft be heard
And Horace' name be known a "Household Word"
Then give Melpomene—my right—thy praise,
And crown me Poet with the Delphic Bays.

BOOK IV.

AN APPEAL TO VENUS.

"*Intermissa, Venus, diu.*"

Why tempt me Venus, why again;
Thy cruel wars are not for me—
Spare—spare—alas, 'tis all in vain,
I am not what I used to be!

Cease Cupid's cruel Mother, cease,
Torment not him whose weight of years,
More than Ten Lustres, sighs for peace,
Learn—he no more thine anger fears.

Go where more fitting victims be ;
On purple wings to Paullus fly ;
None is more willing slave than He,
On Him, on Him, thy witcheries try.

Noble and young with lips that plead
Successful every client's suit ;
His graceful arts will sure succeed,
Not in thy cause can He be mute.

As with light jests he thrusts aside
Some rival—so to Thee he'll raise
Close to fair Alban's flowing tide
'Neath citron roof—to swell thy praise,

Some Marble Dome, and *there* thy charms
Shall list the gay and dulcet song
Of Flute and Lyre, whilst rarest Balms
Shed spicy odours mid the throng,

Of Youths and Maids who twice a day
Sing Venus, as with flying feet
They speed the joyous hours away,
When in the Salic dance they meet—

Alas for me, those days are o'er,
Nor Youth nor Maid have charms for me,
Nor Wine, nor Wreath—ah nevermore,
I've lost all faith in Them and Thee !

Yet stay ~~Liguria~~, fair one—say,
Why do these tears bedew my cheek,
Why do my accents fade away
Or falter when I try to speak ?

Ligurinus, cf. Ode 10 Epode 11

Why slumbering do I seem to see
Thy form, and long to clasp the prize,
Pursuing over Plain and Sea,
Whilst still the pleasing Image flies?

JULIUS ANTONIUS.

"*Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari.*"

Who seeks to rival Julius, Pindar's fame,
Or on Dedalion wing elects to soar,
Fails but too surely, leaving a mere name
To some lone Ocean.

As some fierce stream from mountain-top down rushing,
Swollen by showers which burst the banks familiar,
So in his utterings fervid, deep and stormy,
Sweeps on our Pindar.

His are the Laurels, gifts of great Apollo;
Whether in Bacchanals, new forms he boldly
Gives to his singing, or rolls on in numbers,
Laws all unheeding.

Whether he sings of Gods or God-born heroes,
Whose might o'erthrew the Centaurs, justly punished,
Or he, who erst subdued the flaming terrors
Of dread Chymæra.

Or those in Elea homeward led triumphant,
Palm crowned Celestials—or of steed or cestus:
More potent he in song, than all the Statues
Raised in the Marble.

Mourns He the youthful lover rudely severed
From the sad Bride,—his lamentation raises
Him to the golden stars, and in his music
Baffles thus Orcus.

This swan of Thebes on lofty pinion soaring,
By his mere will sweeps upwards to the heavens;
Whilst I, Antonius, bee-like lowly wand'ring,
Sip the sweet wild thyme.

From many a grove, and banks of flowing Tiber,
With toil laborious and with care unceasing,
Some poor and trifling sweets of song I gather,
Stored up with labour.

But thou, oh greater Master of the Lyre,
Sing thou our Cæsar—as with brows belaurelled,
He up the Hill triumphant leads behind him,
The fierce Sygambri.

He than whom never to this Earth has given
Or Fate or Gods, a greater gift or blessing—
Nor can give, tho' the Golden Age returning
Come back to Mortals—

Sing thou those gladsome days—the Games exultant,
Cæsar returned, to our entreaties yielded,
Back once again—the very Forum empty,
Empty and vacant.

Then if such voice as mine could gain a hearing,
I too would strive to swell the hymnal chorus,
Singing to Thee, oh Sun, oh blessed sunshine,
Bringing us Cæsar—

Whilst he goes forth with Thee, Thou God of Triumph,
Not we alone exclaim "Io Triumphē"
But all the City to th' Immortals offer
Incense and praises.

Ten Bulls for Thee and Ten fair kine be slaughtered—
For me a single steer shall be deemed ample,
Scarce from its Mother weaned and fresh from pasture,
Thus be my Vow paid.

A single star upon his brow is shining,
Curved like the young Moon but the third time rising,
White as the snow upon the dusky meadow,
All the rest tawny.

TO MELPOMENE.

"*Quem tu Melpomene, semel.*"

He on whose natal hour thy star has shone
Melpomene, thyself shalt own as son,
He needs no Isthmian games to gild his name,
No Athletes triumph to increase his fame!

Not with the fiery Steed or whirling Car
Shall he contend—nor in the ranks of War
Crush hostile Kings or curb their swelling pride ;
Nor his the hope exultingly to ride
To the proud Capitol—and hear his name
Hailed by the multitude with loud acclaim ;
But where old Tiber's tide all calmly flows,
And where the Tree in untrod Forest grows,
Each breeze shall bear his honoured name along,
His name proclaimed as " Lord of Roman Song ! "
Thy Sons, oh Rome—the Chief of Cities Thou,
On me that honoured name of Bard bestow,
'Midst the Poetic choir my place is found,
And Envy's self now scarcely dares to wound ;
Pierian Muse 'tis thine at will to call
From golden shell sweet strains enchanting all,
Or Fish or Swan endow with equal tone,
And make their voice melodious as thine own :
Enough for me that men that title give,
The " Lord of Roman Song " thus let me live,
And if through coming Time it should be mine
To please, if please I do, the praise be Thine.

TO THE RACE OF DRUSUS.

" *Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem.*"

Even as the winged minister, whom Jove
Made King of Birds, and ruler in the sky—
He, who with outstretched wings unwearied bore
The golden haired young Ganymede on high ;

When from his nest by new born vigour urged,
To labours yet unknown first makes essay,
'Gainst vernal Winds, and strives to soar alone,
What time the rain-clouds swiftly drift away,
Spying the sheepfold, rushes on the foe,
Then bolder grown 'gainst Dragons proudly turns,
Waging dread war on these and all below,
As Hunger urges, or as Glory burns;
Or as the Lion's whelp aslant espies
The young roe feeding in the quiet meads,
With fangs unfleshed upon the victim flies—
Too sure, too sure, alas that victim bleeds:
So the Vindelici young Drusus saw—
Who to their Alpine Homes all conquering came—
Bearing the triumphs of the Roman War,
Bearing the triumphs of the Roman name—
They who had learned—I pause not, how, to ask—
The Axe, the Amazon once bore, to wield;
Enough they fell; and *his* the noble task—
Youth's strength—Youth's brain—sole Victors of the field;
They learnt what souls well trained could well achieve,
The issues of a manhood thus begun,
By their results too surely they perceive,
How Cæsar's soul inspires a Nero's Son!
The Brave and Good from generous Sires proceed:
The Virtues of the Sire the Sons approve;
Good Steers and Coursers mark their race by deeds,
No warlike Eagle breeds the tim'rous Dove—
Yet training adds to every Virtue force,
Culture refines the powers of the mind—
Morals neglected speed a downward course,

'Till e'en the noblest, sure destruction find—
How much to Nero, owest thou not oh Rome?
Let Hasdrubal on that all-glorious day
When by Metaurus chased he sought his home,
And from fair Latium darkness fled away—
Let that declare when Victory first smiled,
When the fierce Afric thro' th' Italian glade
Sped like the fire, or as o'er Ocean wild
Eurus its boisterous march triumphant made;
But after, with what serious labours grew
The Roman growth—increasing day by day—
Till every shrine laid waste by Punic crew
Was to the Gods restored—let Romans say.
Then thus perfidious Hannibal proclaimed—
We who those Wolves would chase as timid Deer—
In turn the fell Destroyer, we have maimed—
'Tis ours to triumph though we disappear,
Eluding thus that ever-cursed race,
Cast as a Waif upon the Tuscan shore,
Who by mere valour—Fortune could embrace
Their Gods, their worship, once again restore!
They as the Ilex on Algidus found—
When by rude axe the branch is stricken low—
Gather fresh strength from every bleeding wound,
From each fresh strife these men more vigorous grow;
Not the fierce Hydra, Hercules o'erthrew,
More quickly leapt to life—his toil in vain;
Nor sprung from dragon tooth the armēd crew
More constantly than these rose up again—
Sink in the deep their Star it shines more fair—
Oppose and conquer—still the fight goes on—

In Victory's hour—you hear the widow's prayer,
The Victor by the Conquered lies o'erthrown—

No more to Carthage triumph shall be borne—
Great Hasdrubal is dead and all the fame,
All power of fortune passed away and gone—
And all the glory of the Punic name!

What is there that such men can *not* attain—
The Claudian race all Jove's best favours share—
Taught in War's school—nor ever taught in vain
The priceless worth of Watchfulness and Care!

TO AUGUSTUS.

"*Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ.*"

Oh Thou from Gods descended, and for Rome
The best of Guardians—absent far too long;
Th' expectant Senate waits for thy return;
Let not thine absence do thy promise wrong;

Beloved Chief, the Light to Rome restore,
The sunshine of thy face to us is Spring;
More peaceful glide the days, and all the more
Will brightly shine the Sun if Thee it bring!

As the fond Mother from whose anxious gaze,
The treacherous seas and tempests keep away
For a long year her loved one, vows and prays,
Watching the curving shore the livelong day!

Nor ever turns aside the wistful eyes;
So for her Cæsar, Rome and we implore,
Eager for thy return—the very skies
And country pine to welcome Thee once more!

Thou here, the Steer in safety ploughs the fields;
The ships in safety speed across the main;
Ceres and Peace, each one its blessing yields—
And Honour's sense of shame returns again!

The Home of Innocence no Lusts disgrace,
The rule of Laws and Morals equal known,
The Father looks upon his Offspring's face,
And sees each feature but reflect his own—

Sure punishment treads on the heels of Crime—
Who fears the Parthian, who the Scythian rude?
Cæsar returned; the direst birth of Time
Or the fierce product of the German brood?

Who cares for wild Iberia's threat of War?
Safe on the Hills each Roman trains the Vine,
Labouring secure from morn till evening's Star—
Then Home returns to drink to Thee and Thine!

Blessing Thee ever—and with constant prayers
Mingling great Cæsar's with their Lares name,
As glorious Alcides and Castor share
Honoured by Greece—th' Immortal State and Fame!

Then live, great chief, our feast days to prolong—
This is our prayer—of all our vows the best—
At early morn the burden of our song—
At Eve when Ocean woos the Sun to rest.

APOLLO.

"*Dive, quem proles Niobaea magnæ.*"

Chastiser Thou of Niobe's sad offspring,
Of Tityos huge, that ravisher all lawless,
And He who well nigh singly Troy had conquered,
Phthian Achilles!

He, who o'er all else triumphed! to Thee only
Yielding, the Son of Thetis Queen of Ocean;
He who with Spear tremendous shook the Towers
Of the fair Dardan;

He, as the Pine with biting steel struck headlong,
Or Cypress crushed beneath the storm-blast raging,
Fell on the arid plains of Troy, imprinting
There his great image!

Scorning within the lying Horse to cower
Tho' in Minerva's name—not his to enter
Priam's glad Halls, where reigned the Song and dances,
Joys how delusive!

His 'twas to slay in open day the captive;
To cruel flames consign the tender offspring—
Aye e'en the Babe as yet unborn, to offer
Up to his vengeance!

But 'twas to thine and prayers of Venus offered
To Jove the Ruler—prayers by Jove accepted—
That great Eneas saw the promise granted
Of the new City!

Thou who art ever chiefest of the Singers,
Laving thy bright locks in the waves of Zanthus,
Uphold the honours of the Daunian Muses,
Beardless Ægyieus!

Phœbus on me bestowed the art of singing,
On me the Soul, the very name of Poet—
And ye young Virgins, Ye oh Sons of Romans
Be not unmindful,

Vowed to the Goddess who with bow unerring
Strikes Lynx or Stag—when ye the measured dances
Lesbia first knew—remember I have taught you,
Taught you the rythm—

Singing the rites Latona's Son has claim to,
Singing in honour of Night's crescent beaming—
And she who speeds the Harvest in their courses
And the Month's changes—

Thou Maid—then wedded say Thou to thy sisters,
I, in that year of High Feast, then returning,
I sang the Song—so dear to Gods—Song taught by
Horace the Poet!

TO TORQUATUS.

"*Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis.*"

The snows are fled—the green returns once more,
The Trees their leafy branches wave amain,
Streams late fierce swollen, gently lave the shore,
And Earth resumes its gladness once again.

Now lightly dancing o'er the yielding green,
Th' unrobed Grace and Sister Nymph we see;
So from the flying hours this truth we glean,
How brief the joys which fall to us and Thee:

Spring's Zephyrs sweep the Winter's chill away,
Treading on Summer, Summer quickly flies,
Whilst fruitful Autumn hast'ning to decay,
Bids Winter rule once more the gloomy skies:

And yet the changing Moons each loss repair;
But Man—when each his little part has played,
And gone where Tullus—Ancus—Eneas—are—
What then is Man—Dust—Vapour—or a shade!

Who of to-morrow's sun can e'er be sure?
Who knows what length of days he yet may see?
Then what from grasping Heirs, thou canst secure,
Count it all gain, both for thy friend and Thee—

Once passed from Earth—before that dreaded Throne
Of Minos, and his never-changing doom—
Not Eloquence nor gifts—great as thine own,
Can rescue Thee, Torquatus, from the Tomb—

Not Dian's self from Hades could restore
Hippolytus the chaste—her prayers all vain—
She could not win him from that gloomy shore—
Nor Theseus rend Pirithous' bonds in twain.

CENSORINUS.

"*Donarem pateras grataque commodus.*"

My Censorinus, full well dost thou know
How gladly I would on my friends bestow
Rich Goblets, Bronzes rare, were such gifts mine,
Nor should the least in value then be Thine,
But Tripods such as Greece to Heroes gave;
Or had I works of Art, as rich men have,
Such as Parrhasius or Scolpas wrought
In stone or canvas (each the impress caught
Of God or Man)—but this poor house of mine
Holds none of these—nor do they lack in thine;
Songs though delight Thee—Song shall be my share,
For well I know thy Love will deem it rare—
'Tis not the Marble Bust by Nations raised
Nor epitaph in which man's deeds are praised—
Nor Hannibal o'erthrown and backward hurled,
Or Carthage, swept a ruin from the world;
These do not give to Man a nobler fame
Than his who brought from Africa,—a Name!
Think, should the Song be silent, where for Thee.
And thy good deeds should any honour be?
Who would the Son of Mars and Ilia know,
Great Romulus—if silence reigned below,
Who won back Ëacus from Stygia vile
And placed him happy in the golden Isle?

The Muse forbids the Man of Worth to die;
'Twas She gave Hercules his place on high,
Gave the Twin Brethren who nightly shine
To guard the Bark, their place in courts divine—
The Tempest driven Bark, their cares surround,—
And so shall Bacchus with the Ivy crowned
Keep Censorinus safe beneath his care,
The happy issue of his Votary's prayer!

LOLLIUS.

"*Ne forte credas interitura, quæ.*'

Believe not my songs can all perish,
I, born 'neath Aufidia's rough sky,
I, who first taught the arts you so cherish,
Believe not such strains can all die!

Though the first place great Homer may claim
In the Courts of the Muses, yet there
Shine of Pindar and Cœus the name,
Stesichorus too has his share—

Anacreon has left us his graces;
Not yet are the Love breathings mute,
Of Sappho—not Time's self effaces
The thrill of her passionate Lute.

Nor is Helen the last, or the only
Whom love-locks have led to their doom,
Whom the glitter and pageant of Princes
Have betrayed from a Throne to a Tomb!

Not the first or most skilful of Bowmen
Was Teucer—and more than once Troy—
Was besieged by Men brave as Sthenelus,
As brave and as fierce to destroy!

Their deeds for the Muse full as worthy,
As Deïphobus keen in the strife—
Men as brave as great Hector who gladly
Gave life for his children and wife!

Many Heroes before Agamemnon
Lived nobly and died without stain,
But unwept and unknown—since no Poet
Had garnered their deeds in his strain.

How slightly they differ—worth hidden,—
Or worthlessness buried, we see—
But I ne'er will permit oh, my Lollius,
Such oblivion to reign over Thee!

Thou so prudent—so skilled in all knowledge—
Not swayed by the chances of Fate,
Nor cast down, if in anger she lowers,
If she smiles, still not over-elate!

Avenger of Fraud, and disdainful
Of Gold the Corruptor—men own
Thou art Consul not only of *one* year,
But always thine influence is known.

Wherever an Arbiter's needed,
Whom no bribe from the right can betray,
One whose Virtue awes all by its presence,
As a Hero in arms clears his way—

It is not the rich in possessions
Whom rightly "the Happy" we call,
But he who best puts to right uses,
The gifts which the Gods give to all—

He who hardens his soul to privations,
Fears dishonour, disgrace, or a lie—
Such Man for his friends or his country,
Would sacrifice all—and would die!

TO LIGURINE.

"*O credulus adhuc, et Veneris muneribus potens.*"

Ah cruel fair, once fairest of them all,
Who in the courts of Venus held their sway,
With proudly favoured charms and locks which fall
O'er ivory shoulders—tell me where are they?

Where is the colour which outblushed the rose?
How changed is Ligurine—her cheek how worn!
That face her glass reflects she scarcely knows,
And sighs to think of all her beauty gone;
Alas! she cries, why feel I now no more,
Joys now so yearned for—Joys misprized of yore?

PHYLLIS.

"*Est mihi nonum superantis annum.*"

I've a cask of mellowed Alban Wine,
Full nine years old my Phyllis fair,
And Parsley in these grounds of mine
For Chaplets, and to bind thine hair
Ivy—yes Ivy—well we know
How that becomes Thee, as for Plate,
The whole House laughs with silvern glow—
And even now mine Altars wait
The Victim with the Vervain crowned—
Whilst hard at work the servants run
Now here—now there, and all around
The bright flame through the smoke is spun—
Would'st know the reason? well you may—
Why such profusion madly flows—
The Ides are come and this the day
When Venus from the Ocean rose;
A day that should as sacred be,
As is my natal hour—since hence
Mæcenas dates his birth—whence He
Rose to his Life's proud eminence!
But stay—young Telephus I know
You sigh for—Ah, he's not for Thee,
He's nobly born, and Thou how low,
And more, another's slave is He;
Wanton and rich, she holds him fast—
Think Thou of Phaeton and his fall

Bellerophon in ruin cast—
Seek equal mate or none at all!
Follow what suits Thee and despise
Those high flown hopes—they're not for Thee,
Within thy reach see true Joy lies,
Come—come, and fix those hopes on Me!
Yes hear me swear—that Thou alone
My only love shalt be—then stay
And list to me till Love's sweet tone
In Music chase all care away.

TO VIRGIL.

"*Jam veris comites quæ mare temperant.*"

Soft Thracian breezes welcome back the Spring,
The tempered Ocean to their influence yields,
And freed from snow the sparkling streamlets sing,
Whilst wintry frosts no longer crisp the fields.

The hapless Bird who mourns young Ity's fate,
Th' eternal shame of Cecrops, spreads her wing,
Builds a new nest, whilst mourning all too late,
Her barbarous wrath on the too lustful King—

The Swains on softest verdure lie reclined,
Watch the sleek flocks slow wand'ring at their ease,
Tune the rude Pipe—and waft on every wind
Their dulcet notes, th' Arcadian God to please.

Such days are days of thirst, oh Virgil mine,
And though of noble youths thou well may'st be
The friend, an' thou would'st taste my Calian Wine,
Bring some rich Nard and I will welcome Thee!

One tiny box of Nard—then from the Cave
Sulpicius owns—how gladly will we share
Wine fit to raise such Hopes as mortals have,
Wine fit to drown a very world of Care,

So if such things delight Thee, quickly come,
Nor fail to bring thy ransom's fee with Thee,
Thou art not coming to a rich man's home,
Nor will I let Thee tax my wine-cup free.

Delay no more—cast thoughts of gain away,
Remember there's a day when death will call—
Mix some slight trifling with the gravest day—
Gay thoughtlessness at times is sweet to all!

LYCĒ.

"*Audivere, Lyce, di mea vota.*"

THE Gods have heard, the Gods have heard my prayer,
Yes Lycē—Lycē thou art growing old,
Thou, who wouldst have us think Thee young and fair—
Tippling and frisking—thou with blood so cold!

Dost hope with quav'ring voice to catch the ear
Of Cupid, think'st thou he would so far wrong
Young Chia, She who's now his dearest care,
Leave her sweet notes, to list thy maudlin song?

He cares not He, for sapless oaks like Thee,
He shuns Thee, and thy wrinkled brow abhors,
Mocks hollow teeth, and scarcely deigns to see
The snows of Time, on such a brow as yours.

Hope not that Coan purple or rich gem
Can bring back days that long have passed away—
Who cares amongst us all to think of them,
And which of us would care to bid Thee stay?

Where is thy beauty gone—its soft charm where?
The bloom so prized, the grace all loved to see,
What now is left of all we deemed so rare,
Which well nigh stole my very soul from me?

Next to my Cinera—yes once wert Thou,
She who was foremost in all arts to please,
The Fates to Her but few scant years allow—
Yet lengthen Lycē's days to such as these!

Thou rival of the Crow—the young must smile
And mock and jeer as Lycē passes by,
Watching that flame that flickers for awhile
As smould'ring Ashes glimmer down and die!

AUGUSTUS.

"*Quæ cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium.*"

Say what can Rome or Roman Fathers do
To render fitting homage to thy name,
To pay the tribute to thy virtues due,
And hand to future ages Cæsar's fame?

Thou first of Princes, wheresoe'er the Sun
Lights earthly shores, there first in arms art Thou,
This the Vindelici have late begun
To feel as 'neath your rule and arm they bow.

'Twas with thy soldiers Drusus swept away
The fierce Genaunian and the Breunian race;
Alp piled on Alp such conqueror could not stay,
His sword with twofold ruin led the chase,

The greater Nero owes his fame to Thee,
Through this in single conflict he o'erthrew
The cruel Ræti, struggling to be free,
And swept from earth the fiercest of their Crew.

'Midst the dread fight triumphantly he rode
O'er stubborn foes who held their lives as nought,
Compared with Freedom—there thy Legions strode
Swift as the blast, and sterner ruin wrought—

Like some fierce storm that sweeps the trembling main
When the bright Pleiads cleave the stormy sky—
His snorting War Horse shook the affrighted plain
And hailed the battle's lightning flashing by;

As bi-formed Aufidus who laves the shore
Where Daunus reigns, bursts all his banks in scorn,
Rushing tumultuous, carries all before,
Then sweeps destruction o'er the ripening Corn;

So Nero dashed through barbarous ranks amain,
The serried Warriors vain his arms oppose,
He stands sole Victor of the bloody plain,
Unscathed, triumphant, o'er his conquered foes!

Yet still to Thee and thine the deed was due,
Thy Counsel and Thy Gods availed him here ;—
Proud Egypt all her gates wide open threw
Ere the third lustre marked thy bright career,

Crowning thy wish and ending Strife and War,
Fortune herself decreed that these should cease,
And 'neath thy sway, the Natives from afar
Submissive bow, and own *that* rule is peace.

Cantabria's sons who never fear have known,
The Scythian, Nomad, sons of Ind or Mede,
Awe-struck, in Thee, Rome's chief protector own,
Italia's ruler—such great Jove decreed.

The Nile with sources hid for evermore—
The rapid Tigris and the Danube's wave—
And those dark Seas which with incessant roar,
Round distant Britain's coast at midnight rave ;

The Gaul who fears not Death itself, and He
Th' Iberian stubborn in th' embattled field,
The proud Sygambri, bow themselves to Thee,
Renounce their Arms and to thy prowess yield !

AUGUSTUS.

"*Phœbus volentem prœlia me loqui.*"

When I essayed to sing of conquered Towns,
And wars and cities, Phœbus checked the strain,
Lest my slight barque in such deep should go down—
Barque all unfit to brave so wild a main !

Cæsar thy reign restores to Rome once more
Rich harvests, luscious fruits and all the fame
Of Standards, which the haughty Parthian bore,
Reft from the foe to glorify thy name—
The Temple Gate of Janus closed we see,
No cause of War but Peace and Order reign ;
All License curbed—the whole Earth yet shall see
Rome's ancient virtues borne without a stain ;
Virtues through which the Roman name and State
Have grown and triumphed—this shall all behold,
When the Sun opes at morn its Eastern Gate,
Or setting gilds its Western couch with gold !
Whilst Cæsar lives we fear not civil strife,
No foreign war disturbs a life of ease,
No fear of Wrong—no dastard felon knife,
The curse of Cities, Rome fears none of these !
The deeply drinking Sons the Danube knows,
Who break the Julian Laws—nor Persian Sons,
Nor the fierce Scythian threaten our repose,
Nor the wild race where Don's fierce current runs.
So on each festal and each working day,
Our matrons and their children will we call,
First honouring all our Gods, as Romans may—
To share such joys as Bacchus lends to all.
Then as our Fathers sang in days of yore,
In Lydian measure shall the strain be sung,
Sing Troy, Anchises sing, and all the more
Sing the proud race from beauteous Venus sprung.

THE SECULAR HYMN.

"*Phœbe, silvarumque, potens Diana.*"

Oh Phœbus and Thou Queen of Groves, Diana,
Ye glories of the sky, and ah how worthy
Man's grateful homage—hear—with favour hear us,
On this thy feast day!

E'en as the Sibyl in old times commanded,
To Powers which o'er the Seven Hills are watching,
We Youths untrained, and chosen Maidens, offer
Hymns in your honour—

And Thou, dear Sun, who in bright chariot leadest
The coming day, yet veild'st at last in shadow,
Changing and yet the same—than Rome nought greater
May'st thou see ever!

Gracious Ilithyia! who within thy keeping
Guardest young Mothers, whatsoe'er thy name be,
Whether Lucina to thine ear be grateful
Or Genitalis!

In either Title, Goddess guard Rome's offspring,
Prosper the marriage rite, and make it fruitful,
That so may Rome increasing see fresh Glory,
Crown lives marital.

So when the year in circles due returning,
Eleven decades past—this feast renewing—
Three Days and Nights in joyous songs and pastimes,
Rome shall revere Thee!

And ye, ye Fates, whose dictum when once uttered
Changeless remains, and fixed as things eternal,
Join to our Past a happy glorious Future,
This we implore Thee !

Grant Thou, oh Earth, to crown the brow of Ceres,
Rich sheaves of corn, ripe fruits, and flocks abundant,
Untainted streams—the wholesome airs of Heaven,
Man's life to strengthen—

Hear Thou Apollo—thy Boy-suppliants, hear them ;
Put by thy weapons—graciously protect them,
And thou fair Luna, crescent crowned, benignant
Smile on the Maidens !

If this, thy work—this Rome—which Ilion's wand'rers,
Destined to change their Lares and their City—
Beneath your guidance reared—if by your power
Rome was created—

If 'twas for this, Eneas, Troy yet burning,
Left his domain and other pathways opened,
To Comrades, giving for their homes abandoned,
Regions more ample—

Grant, oh ye Gods, to tender youth, pure morals,
Grant to old Age a time of peace and quiet,
To Rome, grant wealth, grant Power and all blessings
Which may adorn Her !

Bless Him who at your Altars with due honour
The white steer offers, bless the true descendant,
Heir of fair Venus—grant that he may conquer
All foes, and spare them.

The Mede now owns by Sea and Land our prowess,
Fearing Albanian Arms—he sues for pardon,
So too the haughty Scythian sues the Roman,
And the far Indies—

Now Faith and Peace and Honour are returning—
And our old Virtues far too long neglected—
Now too with Horn o'erbrimming—these to welcome
Comes blessed Plenty—

Phœbus with glitt'ring Bow adorned—Thou Augur!
Favoured of all the Muses—Thou the Healer,
Of all Life's ills—sustainer of the weary;
Hear us invoking!

If the Palatian Shrine approve thy favour,
Grant to the Latian race and this our City
Rome! through the coming Ages, greater glory,
Increasing ever!

And may great Dian, Goddess of the Mountains
Algidus—Aventine—too—deign to hear us;
The Fifteen Guardians of the Sibyl's Verses
Accept our praises.

So each returning to the humble homestead,
Singing of Phœbus and of chaste Diana,
Hope and believe the Songs and Praises offered
All the Gods welcome!

FINIS.

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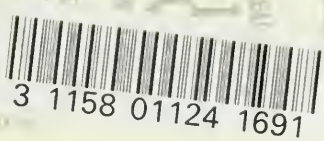
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